

PART 513

THE

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## LEISURE

## HOUR



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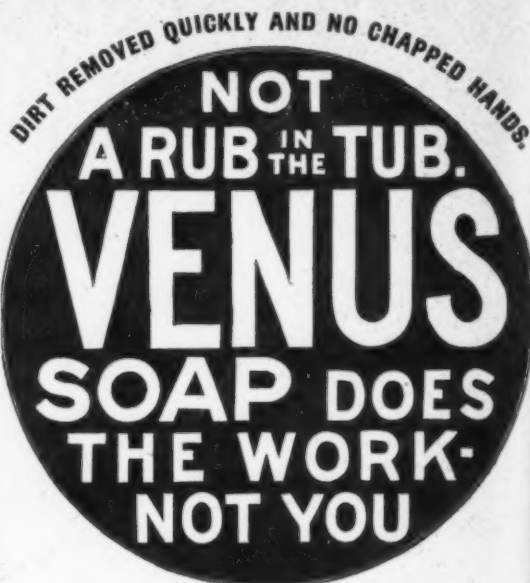


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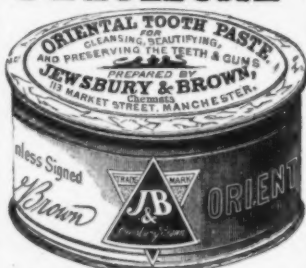


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*From the picture by Professor K. Makovsky.*

IVAN THE TERRIBLE CHOOSING A WIFE.

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

A SUFFOLK STORY.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.



WHEN THE HOST BUSTLED IN HE FOUND ALL FOUR SILENT AS STATUES.

### I.—IN THE SWAN PARLOUR.

THEY were not given to drink or carouse, the good folks of Deben, but none more relished a talk at the Swan. Night after night, year after year, the same little group would assemble, staple customers of the spare, silent host, the village blacksmith and his sturdy, talkative wife, neighbours all, yet seldom meeting except in Mrs. Forsdyke's parlour or on the way to church and chapel.

The foremost in substance and general consideration was Tom Turtle the miller. He enjoyed the credit of being the strongest man, not only in the village, but for miles round. As the phrase ran, you might ride a white mare black before finding such another. This gift of extraordinary, some were tempted to say superhuman, bodily powers had made him the hero of many an adventure in years gone by—had made him enemies too. A trial of strength, however good-naturedly begun, may end in surliness, resentment—in bloodshed and broken bones. The miller now rested on his laurels, no one after the lapse of years grudging his triumphs.

The village, indeed, gloried in its strong man. He was by no means a Hercules to look at, being slightly below the average height; but the discriminating in such matters would have singled him from a crowd. Wiry, muscular, not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, the miller, although now middle-aged, was still a match for the best.

After the strong man, the wise. Next in importance, perhaps, came the master mason, the wisest and wittiest of the little community, some averred of the entire county. Had the miller lived in the dark ages, he might have figured among the immortal knights of chivalry; had Josh Twig lived two or three centuries ago, he would assuredly have been burnt as a wizard. Ready of speech, he was yet swifter at getting to the bottom of things. Whenever any mystery had occurred—what place is without its mysteries?—the wise man had solved it, and at once, as if by instinct.

Upon one occasion a robbery had been committed at the Hall. The wise man was summoned before anyone thought of going to the police, and, sure enough, he set them, when they came, on the track

of the thieves. Another time the village had been thrown into a ferment by a disputed will. Counter-claims were made to some money on the strength of a so-called codicil. The wise man just turned the document between finger and thumb and held it to the light, and pronounced judgment. The writing was younger than the stamped date of the paper! A reputation for sapience so well established needed no artificial keeping up. The wise man never went out of his way to be witty or knowing. With his friend the miller, he could number his triumphs by the score.

He was a tall, attenuated fellow of unprosperous appearance. Wisdom does not always enrich, in the material sense of the word, and it must be admitted the village Solomon had one weakness. He was a lone widower, he was very rheumatic, the snug alehouse parlour, a chat with neighbours and a glass of home-brewed—or something stronger—tempted him occasionally from the path of duty.

Where strength and wisdom abound, courage should not be wanting, nor was it here. The brave man of the place was a small farmer, named Luke Ling, whose exploits would fill a volume. No one could for a moment suspect anything of the kind. He looked more like a local preacher than a man who had stopped runaway horses, rescued a dozen folks from fire, broken ice, mad bulls, and other perils, pursued horse-stealers for miles in his nightshirt, and performed innumerable feats of the same doughty kind. Truth to tell, there was nothing he stood in terror of, unless it was his wife's temper! Good Mrs. Ling had been the making of his worldly fortunes, but lacked the saving grace of gentleness. Little things would set her tongue going.

A hearty laugh is as necessary to social well-being and happiness as the more stable advantages just enumerated. What avail brawny arms, subtle brains, a valiant spirit, without cheerfulness? Life was not more uniformly prosperous or sunny at Deben than elsewhere, folks were not of more hilarious disposition than the average, but they keenly relished a joke. No one would have been more missed than the sheep-shearer. Nat Sly was in himself a joke: of extraordinary height and thinness, he might have figured in a travelling show as the tall man, whilst his suppleness and agility were worthy of an acrobat. He would allow the miller to double him up, literally fold him over and over, like a bit of ribbon, and although no longer young, and living from hand to mouth, he was tricky as a monkey. Sheep, unfortunately, do not require shearing more than once a year, jokes are not usually paid for; Nat, as he was always called, kept body and soul together by half a dozen trades. He reared poultry, was the village carrier, helped at haysel and harvest, and in winter, when ponds were frozen, fetched everybody water. He also bought everyone's walnuts and hawked them in the neighbouring town.

Besides these, several others seldom failed to look in—minor characters, yet indispensable to the little society. They would discuss politics, public affairs, crops and local news, often, it must be confessed, lapsing into gossip. No greater mistake than to suppose tittle-tattle a weakness of one sex only.

It was a sultry night with heavy showers just after

harvest. Heavy showers had already fallen, and intermittent flashes of lightning betokened a coming storm. Nevertheless, one after the other, alike miller, mason, farmer, and sheep-shearer dropped in, pipes were lit, a jug of ale set on the table; it was evident that they were all disposed to sociableness. "Neighbour," said the first, addressing himself to his host, "have you a long memory? Do you remember something that happened in this very room just twenty years ago?"

The innkeeper put down his tray of mugs and answered with huffishness—not a soul present had ever owed him a halfpenny; his remark, therefore, could hurt nobody's feelings—

"Twenty years indeed! I think I have enough to do to keep my eye upon twenty-four hours. Just look at that slate up there! Twopences, twopences, only twopences—yet where should I be if I gave every pint of beer away?"

"Come, John, sit down a bit," the miller added persuasively. He liked to have old stories over and over again. "It is, I say, just twenty years ago since——"

"I hear some one at the door," replied the host, hurrying off.

When he was gone his clients eyed each other significantly.

To the sheep-shearer the occasion was irresistible. Rising from his chair he now imitated Forsdyke's speech and action, the pettish rejoinder, the dispatch with which he placed his glasses and hurried out.

"Memory is Jacob, but conscience is Methuselah," put in the wise man. He always made his sentences as short as possible—a sure way of being heard with respect. No one ever remembered him to have delivered a speech of more than a dozen words.

"Ah, you are right there, Josh," said Ling the brave, but timidity itself where speech was concerned. He seldom opened his lips unless to break a dead silence, when, indeed, utterance seemed a duty. He imitated his sapient neighbour, too, trying to say as little as possible, but, alas! the less he said, the less matter there seemed in his utterances. True modesty goes with a valiant spirit, and Luke Ling had ever a poor opinion of himself.

Turtle, the miller, on the other hand, was self-confident to a fault. In his youth he had earned the notoriety of a braggart. "Well, there is no denying the fact. John was a little to blame in that affair," he began.

"We all want looking-glasses where our own deeds are concerned," said the village Solomon, looking at Turtle.

"I say nothing to the contrary. That does not hinder us from looking at other people's," he replied. "And, deny it who can, better by far damage a man with your fists than your tongue."

"Well," said Ling—ever a man of peace, he could not bear to hear his neighbours decry—"John was no worse than the rest of us, I daresay. We were all scapegraces twenty years ago."

"And some of us are not so much the wiser now," exclaimed Nat the jester. "I, for one, could break my heart for a pretty girl to-morrow." Being a bachelor he could avow the sentiment without a blush.



The three heads of houses kept meek silence. At last Ling ventured to say, "She was a beauty. There is no denying that."

He spoke in a low voice, as if to himself. The others heard, however, and in turn became meditative. When the host bustled in, followed by a stranger, he found all four silent as statues.

## II.—SOLOMON OUT-SOLOMONED.

"TAKE off your overcoat and hat, sir; my help will put a chop to the fire at once; meantime, would you like anything warm after your walk in the rain?"

Homely as was the accommodation offered at the Swan, it entertained an occasional stranger; cyclists were unknown a generation ago, but commercial travellers from time to time put up at Deben for the night, and even an artist or two had patronised Mrs. Forsdyke's chops and potatoes.

The visitor now ushered in belonged to neither category. He was a bronzed, bearded man in his prime, perhaps a seafarer, perhaps a colonist, certainly one accustomed to out-of-door life and adventure. The very whiff of ocean, the breath of far-off lands, seemed borne with his presence; stalwart and weather-beaten as were the rest—Forsdyke combining the trade of blacksmith with that of innkeeper—they looked almost pale-faced puny civilians by comparison. And although evidently one of themselves—that is to say, a man of the people—he was easy-mannered, polite, ready as the squire or the parson.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said after having ordered a cup of tea. "You all look uncommonly comfortable here."

"Well, yes," said Nat the wit. The presence of a Prime Minister or of an Archbishop would not have daunted him. "Was ever a man's purse filled by imitating the prophet Jeremiah? Times don't mend; we are no better off than we were years ago."

"Speak for yourself," put in the miller. He was what is called a substantial man in East Anglia. "But a glass of home-brewed, a pipe, a chat about days gone by! No matter where you have travelled, you found nothing better, I'll warrant, sir?" he added.

The stranger seemed almost to resent the query. He turned to his tea-tray with curt but not unfriendly rejoinder.

"Chat away, then; don't let me interrupt you. One is more inclined to listen than to talk after a long journey."

"We were talking of a pretty lass—" began the miller.

"And, of course, of brainless pates," put in Twig, the village Solomon.

"Humph! the two do generally go together," laughed the stranger, as he sipped his tea.

"Tis the same north and south, east and west; we are all moths to the candle, tinder to the spark, where a pair of bright eyes are concerned," added Nat.

"And as sure as they bewitch one they bewitch a score. We were talking of our young days," the miller went on, "of years gone by. What was there about Polly Smith—"

"Miss Marie Markham-Smith," interrupted

Ling, the timid brave man. He liked folks to have their style and title.

"Pooh! Polly Smith she was and is to me, in spite of her new-fangled gentility. What was there about that bit of a girl, I say, to turn all our heads?"

"Speak for yourself," exclaimed Nat, imitating the miller's tone of a few minutes before.

"Well, the little minx contrived to do a deal of mischief. Here, then, in this very room, just twenty years ago, six fellows were quarrelling like cat and dog about a miss in her teens."

The last sentence was addressed to the newcomer, who still sipped his tea by the table. From time to time he had glanced at each of the smokers, apparently now more interested in them than they were in himself. Only the wise man watched him without appearing to do so.

"John is off; he has no liking for old stories; but bygones are bygones."

"So fools say," put in Twig.

"Ah, you are right there," said the stranger warmly. The oracle added in a still more impressive voice:

"Were bygones bygones indeed, the world would go back."

"Your meaning is, I suppose, that folks must not be allowed to forget their evildoings?"

Ling's timid speech was again pooh-poohed, this time by Nat. "Words have more meanings than one, Luke."

"Come, Josh, let Turtle tell the gentleman—"

"My name is English."

"Tell Mr. English what happened here years ago, when we were all young and hasty."

The miller was the story-teller of the little circle. Twig was too sententious, Ling too timid, Sly too pranksome to get through a narrative. As to their host, John Forsdyke had never sufficient time either to listen or to hear, being constantly called away.

"There is not much to tell. Could we see the thing done over again, that would be worth something. Well, it happened this way. On just such a night as this—my story shall be short—"

"No good story was ever long," put in Twig.

"No love-story was ever long," added Sly.

There was a round of applauding laughter. The miller went on:

"Well, there had been thunder and lightning and a shower, and we had dropped in as to-night, my neighbours yonder"—here he nodded at the three smokers opposite—"and young Askew, who was sitting just where you are now, sir"—this was addressed to the stranger.

"And Sam Leaver; you have forgotten him, Tom."

Ling, the timid, was again the interrupter. He was always for accuracy and detail.

"You might as well ask Tom to put in poker and tongs," Twig remarked contemptuously.

"You mean that Sam had nothing to do with the matter?" asked the offender meekly.

"I mean what I say. Go on, Tom."

In spite of the rebuke, it was evident that Ling had something else to say. He coughed, hummed, ha'd, fidgeted in his chair, glanced appealingly at Sly. Finding that no one took the hint, he got out:

"What about John?"

"John was then, as now, master here, his father being old and paralytic. So here we were, sir, and all six of us talking about a girl."

"Talking, you call it?" quoth Sly. "From the first it was as much as we could do to keep our fists to ourselves."

The miller now raised his voice, evidently determined to finish his story without further interruption. The three neighbours laid down their

bright as a guinea whether the sun shone or no; was it her eyes, blue as forget-me-nots after the watering-pot has been on them; was it her little figure, that needed no dressing up to look like a fairy? I can't say."

The listeners sighed sympathetically. As to the stranger, he seemed hardly less interested than themselves. Twig, ever observant of the observant, studied the shadow of his profile thrown on the wall. It had evidently set him thinking.

"That afternoon," pursued the story-teller, "what with throwing a flower to one, letting another tie on her hat, singing a duet with this, accepting a drink of ginger-beer, say, from me, a bit of harvest cake, say, from you"—here he looked at Ling, but the brave man shook his head sadly, he had never been an especial favourite of the other sex—"I say, what with one thing and another, she had set us all by the ears. We all wanted her; and we all felt sure of getting her; but if she showed any preference, it was not for any of us in this room."

He now turned to the stranger and added, "That young fellow I spoke of just now, Askew by name, you must know, sir, was what is called a handsome chap, the sort of chap girls run after. But he hadn't a penny to bless himself with, he hadn't—so folks said—even a right to his father's

name; and when we got to high words—I don't blame John, we were all much of a muchness in those days—I don't blame you, I say, John—their host had entered and stood by the door listening—"you were one scatterbrains out of six, that is all. As I was saying, when we got to high words about Polly, out came that word of John's; young Askew's blood was up in a moment. A quarter of an hour later he was marched off to the police-station for having broken John's head—attempted manslaughter it was called at the assizes, but what it was called matters little. The poor fellow got eighteen months' imprisonment in consequence of what took place here twenty years ago, and from that day to this we have never heard of him. Some said he had enlisted in the army, others that he set off for the gold-diggings, others that he went to Canada. All we know is this, he never came back."

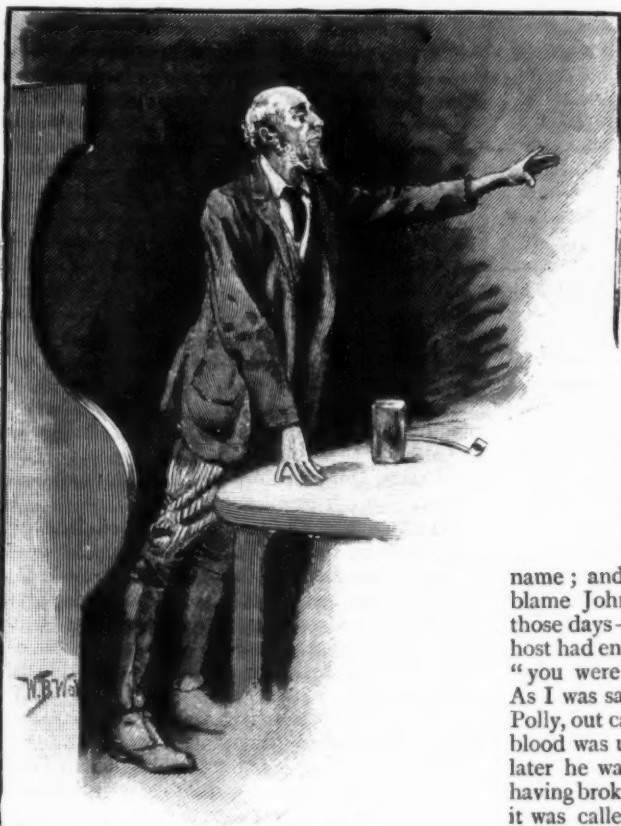
There was a pause, during which the wise man continued to study the profile on the wall. Suddenly he rose and said in the oracular voice his neighbours knew so well,

"Till half an hour ago! John Forsdyke and Charley Askew, shake hands."

Solomon had out-Solomoned himself. The crowning proof of his wisdom came like a thunderbolt. Each stood stock still.

### III.—MEMORIES, OLD MEMORIES!

THEN followed a scene as tumultuous, though more peaceful, than that just recorded. Loud cheers and hoorays were raised, first for the old comrade, next for his discoverer. The



"JOHN FORSDYKE AND CHARLEY ASKEW, SHAKE HANDS."

pipes. The stranger leaned back in his chair dreamily. From time to time their host appeared on the threshold, caught a word, then vanished.

"We had all been helping in the harvest field—your grandfather's four-acre, as you remember, Luke—for the weather was breaking, and next day was Sunday. Polly Smith—in those days no finer than the rest of us—had raked after the waggon with your wife that was to be, Josh, and yours, Luke, and my own, besides Rosey Turk and Jane May—nicer girls couldn't be."

"Ah, you are right there," ejaculated Ling. He always paid due tribute to the admirable practical qualities of his wife. If a bit of a shrew, she had been, in homely phrase, the making of him.

"But we had no eyes except for Polly! Had the others been angels dropped from the skies, or had each carried the Bank of England in her pocket, 'twould have been all one. Was it her hair, the colour of wheat just on the turn, and

six men shook hands all round; Askew was interrogated clamorously by four at a time, the village Solomon maintaining dignified silence. Finally, Forsdyke rushed out to fetch a bottle or two of his old harvest beer; Ling retired to a corner to sob like a child. Nat put his arms about the new-comer and whirled him round the room till both grew giddy. The miller stood first on one foot then on another, uttering ejaculations of wonder and contentment.

When at last comparative calm was restored, interest in the traveller became merged in admiration of the oracle. Never had Twig's reputation stood so high. Such a man ought to become Prime Minister or Lord Chancellor. The country could ill afford to let him rest in obscurity.

But modesty is the truest test of wisdom.

"What are you talking about!" said Twig to the flatterers. "I was not born blind."

"But just look now," the miller replied, holding Askew out at arm's length, "where is the stripling I could once have lifted with one hand? Not a trace of him in this big fellow here."

"But, but—have done with your buts. Are men born twice in this world?"

"Time is a tailor, anyhow," added the wit. "He dresses up a man a good many times before he dies. Charley was never a bad-looking fellow, but let Miss Polly see him now!"

"Miss Polly?" asked Askew, smiling incredulously.

"Oh, you pictured your old love a sober matron, did you? Not she; and really, to see her, no one would guess her age—sixteen when you went away, twenty added to that. She is worth looking at still, I warrant you; but a fine lady nowadays—oh, much too fine for such as us—and walks to church just so."

Here Nat, pretending to hold a long skirt with one hand, with the other a prayer-book, head coquettishly bent down, eyes evidently conscious of admiration, exactly aped the village beauty.

"I always said Polly was a born lady."

"Humph! Charley lad," Nat replied, now re-seating himself and sobering down. With his long limbs stretched out and hands in pockets he continued in his dry, humorous way: "Humph! there are helps to that business. Fine feathers—you have heard that saying, I suppose? Well, Miss Polly—Marie she calls herself, after foreign fashion—was taken up by an aunt after you went away. The little thing was sent—across the water, I believe—to a boarding-school, learned to play the piano, parley-yousing, and so on. But she hasn't found her gentleman yet. You see, she looks too high."

"I don't blame the girl," put in the miller. "Let those who can get on, I say. And you know, Nat, Miss Smith might marry the curate and—so they say—Mr. Johnson the young lawyer to-morrow, if she chose."

"Might, but doesn't," jocularly continued Nat. "Charley, old boy, there's a chance for you still."

"I should like well enough to see her for the sake of old times," the other replied, "and every one else still living whom I knew as a youngster.

But I must ask all of you to oblige me in one thing, and among ourselves, we are comrades——"

"Twenty things to oblige you," John said, depositing his bottles disregarded in the interest of the moment. "Of course I was sorry afterwards, Charley—for what I twitted you with, I mean."

Askew shook his friend's hand. "Not a word more," he murmured.

"I always intended to come home some day," continued the traveller. "The old country did not use me particularly well; I had a hard time of it——"

"That you had, poor lad!" sighed Ling.

"I had left neither kith nor kin behind; there are scores of places as pleasant to live in as Deben. But memories—old memories! They cling to one like ivy. They won't let you go. In spite of everything, here I am and here I mean to stay."

There was a chorus of applause. He went on:

"I was never a proud man. What name had I, have I, to be proud of? But I called myself English just now—a name I certainly have a right to. English I have been since I went away, English I remain."

"We understand," said his listeners.

"Perhaps always. I don't suppose anyone in the place besides yourselves remembers me. Why should I remind them that I was once a work-house boy?"

"We are all ourselves, heir-apparent or work-house lad," said Twig impressively. Then, striking his breast, added: "There may always be something to be proud of here."

English smiled gravely.

"I have made the best of a bad job. I can honestly say that. Eighteen years and a half ago I left you all, branded with shame, and penniless; here I am, still in my prime, but with enough to live on for the rest of my days."

"Tell us how you made your money," Luke said, all leaning forward eagerly. Was it true that emigration meant the mere raking up of gold pieces? If so, why should not all present have a try?

"Another time. You shall learn every particular; I want now to tell you of my plans," English resumed. "Don't any of you suppose," he added, evidently divining their thoughts, "that the bit of money I have scraped up was easily got. We know what work is in the colonies. But there it is, a matter of several thousand pounds."

"Several thousand pounds! You don't say so?" cried the miller.

"Several thousand pounds! How it makes the mouth water!" sighed Ling.

"Several thousand pounds! Here's my service to you," was Nat's comment, bowing as before some local magnate.

"I'll start for America next week, that I will," quoth John, leaning on his jug.

"Each bright pound a medal to be proud of in your case," Twig added.

"There it is, and I mean to spend my money here—to buy a little farm and end my days in the old place. Is there by chance a likely occupation for sale hereabouts?"

Nat hit his forehead.

"The very thing—the Stone Farm to sell, and ah!



Polly too. A gentleman with means would just suit her. She has none too much for herself—a little annuity, they say."

"How do you know but that our friend is married?" asked Ling.

Twig caught him up impatiently.

"Now, Luke, does the father of a family travel the wide world over with a carpet-bag?"

Ling held down his head. Nat went on with his little scheme.

"Charley——"

"Mr. English," said the miller.

"Oh, he is Mr. English, Squire English, Sir Charles English, my Lord English, whatever you please out of this room—Charley he is to me. He has only to ring Miss Marie's front bell, make an errand, no matter what, two or three visits, and the job is done. She has found her fine gentleman at last, innocent as my pussy-cat that he was once her uncle's back-house boy.<sup>1</sup> No offence, Charley."

The notion so tickled Nat's fancy that he paced the room laughing immoderately.

"The woman who would despise a man for having made his own fortune is not the woman for me," English said. "However, there could be no harm in a call."

"You are for settling down, I take it?" asked John; he was thinking of his own girl—she, too, had been to a boarding school, and could play the piano, though not on a par with genteel folks, like Polly.

"Perhaps it is now too late. But this is neither a Yea nor a Nay to your question."

"The girls will have a look at you next Sunday in church. That is quite certain; and there is more than one worth a peep too, though none can hold a candle—to my thinking leastways—to Miss Marie. Of course, she is changed since you saw her, Charley. A bud is not a blossom. I prefer the full-blown flower."

"Were women made just to be looked at?" asked Solomon reprovingly.

It was late before the company separated, having laid their little plot.

Not a soul in the place was as yet to recognise Charles Askew in Mr. English. Fortunately, Mrs. Forsdyke and her daughter happened to be absent, no other village folk had dropped in, and John was single-handed. The secret, therefore, lay in his friends' keeping; it was for them to withhold Charley's identity.

English had no desire for sleep. Throwing open the window, he breathed the air of home—home it was, home it should be in spite of sad reminders. How delicious the fragrance of honeysuckle and wild clematis from the hedge underneath! how he longed for daylight in order to revisit each familiar scene!

Old memories! old memories! The church lay a few hundred yards off, the porch he thought he could find were he blindfolded. With other lads he used to wait there till the tolling of the last bell. Holding up her pretty head, dainty as a princess, in her light muslin frock and straw hat, Polly

<sup>1</sup> A boy in Suffolk who fetches wood and does odd jobs indoors and out. Back-house is back-kitchen.

would come up the path, nodding to this neighbour and that. In spite of her coquettish ways and even in those days affected gentility, no one ever dreamed of ridiculing her—admiration was too strong. And was it out of sheer perversity, or a feint with which to torment more prosperous lovers? The village beauty used to smile upon him, speak kindly to him. Of her he retained only flattering recollections.

Old memories! In bitterness some came back now. He lived over again that dreadful scene so well described by the miller, the astoundment, the horror, the terrible retribution. In half an hour a man's prospects changed, a hitherto blameless character branded as a criminal. His prison days, with all their painfulness and ignominy, were vivid as ever: he should remember them did he live to be a hundred years old.

But the lesson had borne good fruit. It was misfortune that made a man of him. Better thoughts had come to him. Some day, sooner or later, Polly should learn that if he had suffered for her sake, in one sense she was his benefactress.

#### IV.—GENTLEMAN AND LADY.

NEXT morning English was up betimes and making his round.

First he visited a pond about a quarter of a mile off, an ordinary farm-house pond close to the road, but which in his mind was associated with happy hours. Here in winter he used to slide with other lads, and here in summer he had paddled about in a tub answering the purpose of a canoe. The pond seemed much smaller now; but the overhanging trees made delightful shadow as before, wag-tails and swallows sported in the sunshine, the cherished spot remained beautiful still.

English had beheld many of nature's marvels in his travels, lofty peaks, wide rivers, waterfalls, mountain passes. To-day he thought he had never seen anything better worth looking at than a certain winding lane that led through fields and meadows to the neighbouring farm. Elm and oak tree lent shadow as before. Brightly the blue sky showed amid clustering foliage, familiar notes of well-loved birds sounded in his ears. On one side lay another favourite haunt—Cowslip Meadow it was called, on account of the cowslips that abounded there in springtime. Many and many a time had he gathered posies; the unforgotten scent, the deep, rich colour of the blossoms, came back now. No flower of foreign soil, however brilliant, had pleased him so well.

Then he turned in another direction where the ground rose a little. What is called a fine view does not exist in this part of the country, but to the traveller wide sweeps of turnip and corn field were much more engaging. Hard although his early life, he could look back upon a few merry days. There was a large field here in which weeds had been burnt. How he loved the sight of the bonfire and the task of keeping it up! Such work had seemed sport.

But the cleared wheat-fields, the barley now ready for the sickle, fascinated him most. The very word "harvest" made his eyes brighten. Even to a farm-house boy the season brings indulgence



and regale. He could see them now—the steaming plum-puddings dished up for kitchen and parlour, the harvest cakes as they came crisp and brown out of the big oven, the festivities afield. With harvest came thoughts of Polly.

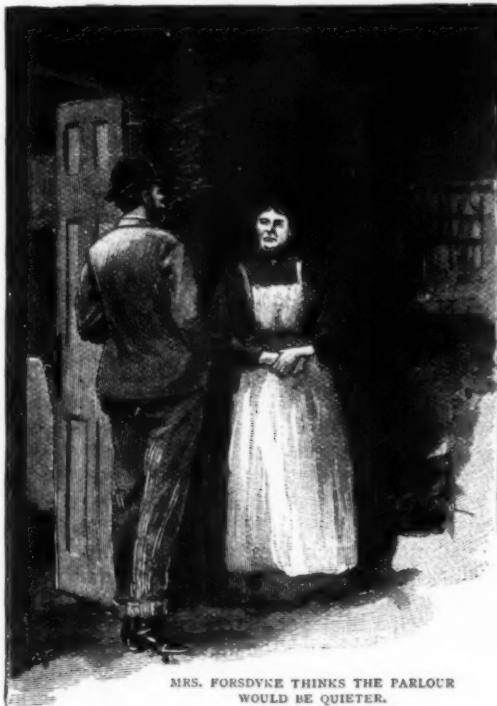
"I wonder if she will in the least recognise me?" he mused, strolling on idly, longing for the afternoon to come. Miss Smith only received visitors from three to five, his friends told him, and they had concocted his errand. A little entertainment in the village schoolroom was being got up, the proceeds to go towards a new harmonium. Polly was one of the patronesses. Mr. English was to call for the purpose of taking tickets, a pound's worth.

"If that won't open my lady's eyes, nothing will," was Nat's comment. To him the sum seemed enormous, a piece of extravagance only excusable in this instance—Miss Marie was to be impressed.

English continued his ramble, having that girlish vision still in his mind; oftentimes faint as a dream, it had never left him. Perhaps on her account he had remained a bachelor.

It was noontide when he re-entered the Swan, John still at his anvil, Mrs. Forsdyke bustling about in the kitchen.

"I am sorry that I was away from home when



MRS. FORSDYKE THINKS THE PARLOUR  
WOULD BE QUIETER.

you arrived, sir," she said, dropping an old-fashioned curtsy. The good woman was no time-server, but she entertained an inordinate respect for paying customers, folks who not only stopped at an inn but left money behind them.

"I have laid the cloth for you in the keeping-room yonder," she added, pointing to a little parlour

opposite that of last night's meeting; "you will be quieter there."

"Oh, I can eat with you in the kitchen," English answered carelessly.

Mrs. Forsdyke looked puzzled and mortified. Kitchen fare means low prices. Was this open-handed gentleman her husband had prated about going to be stingy after all?

"Beg pardon, sir, but we have only beans and bacon to-day, and I have cooked a nice chop for you. Besides——"

"As you please," was the reply. He suddenly remembered the necessity of caution. Better keep out of Mrs. Forsdyke's way for the present.

Dinner, a pipe with John, a nod in an easy-chair, and it was time to prepare for his visit.

English, usually so unmindful of personal appearance, now made his toilet with great deliberation. He even showed indecision in the matter of ties, selecting first blue, then crimson, as the colour that best became grey walking-dress. With well-fitting boots, light felt hat, and silver-knobbed walking-stick, he looked, if not the polished man of the world, at least one of Nature's gentlemen, one who need shame no company, who need never be ashamed of himself. Much experience of life, intercourse with various conditions of society, above all, a sturdy spirit of independence and persistent self-respect, had made up for drawbacks of early education. He spoke out readily and well, his manners were simple and natural, he never affected qualities or accomplishments that he did not possess. Such a man's appearance is his letter of introduction, his unwritten yet convincing testimonial. A stranger would single him from a crowd with the thought, "There is an honest man."

The first glimpse of Polly's home affected him curiously. He could not stand still in order to take in every detail, but the general view was very suggestive. Plainly as words could say, straitened gentility proclaimed itself here. The tiny villa stood in a tiny garden, the very flower-beds betraying strictest economy. Only just so many geraniums were planted as to prevent a look of bareness. A solitary standard rose adorned each trim plot. The gravel had been worn to an almost invisible thinness, the garden rails and gate sadly needed a coat of paint. The house itself was not uncheerful. It looked towards the sun. Behind stretched meadows and cornfields. What struck English was the cramped-up, artificial look of the place. Everything seemed there for show, nothing for ease. The sight of a line or two at the back, with linen hanging out to dry, would have been a great improvement, he thought.

A woman, youngish, fresh-coloured, and good-looking, answered the door, and her appearance at a single glance told English that she was of rustic birth and breeding, some dairy-maid or farmhouse help Miss Smith had turned into a parlour-maid. She was a not unshapely, but somewhat angular person, who would have looked more at home in a dairy or poultry-yard than amid these fashionable, flimsy surroundings. Her white cap with long streamers would get awry with every turn; her

muslin apron was always being used as a bag or basket.

"I'll take up your what d'ye call it," she said as English asked to see her mistress.

"My what——?" stammered the visitor. She pointed to his waistcoat pocket, whereupon it occurred to him that his visiting card was meant. Before he could get out the card himself, she had pounced upon one and, slamming the door of the drawing-room upon him, carried it off.

It was quite useless for Miss Smith to give her Abigail daily lessons in etiquette.

English had time to look at the room before his hostess appeared. It was prettily furnished, elegant even to his eyes, although the smallness of scale

speech there was a touch of artificiality. Every word seemed to have put on its Sunday best.

"Please sit down," said the lady of the house; "I am glad to see you." She pushed a chair an inch nearer, the delicate white hand and pretty rings not escaping his notice. Whilst interchanging a few commonplaces he narrowly watched the love of his youth.

Yes, Nat was right. The village beauty was worth looking at still. As he gazed and gazed, he said to himself that the woman of thirty-six outshone the maiden of eighteen. He should have known her anywhere. The bright hair and complexion, the blue eyes and small mouth with its faultless little teeth were little changed. The



"THE CHIEF POINT IS TO KNOW HOW TO ENJOY YOUR FORTUNE."

and the apparent fragility of everything made him feel ill at ease. The first dainty little chair he sat upon creaked ominously; he took refuge in another, that not too solid either. There were also so many breakable things at his elbows—here a tiny bowl of gold-fish on a stand, there knick-knacks in Venetian glass and porcelain. He felt afraid to stir an inch lest he should shatter some treasure. All this while, although busily observing the objects around him, he felt conscious of trepidation.

In another moment she would be there, the vision of so many years become reality, his youth in a certain sense be restored to him. Should he feel overcome by her presence, stammer, quail before her gaze, betray himself? Every moment but increased his uneasiness. A voice that he knew broke his reverie. The same sweet clear tones he heard, yet how changed—even in her

slender figure had gained rather than lost by the lapse of time.

What now struck him was a difference with which age had nothing to do. He remembered a village girl, with himself a Sunday school scholar, with himself a helper at haysel and harvest—a girl who, coquette although she was, had never dreamed of flouting her neighbours. She was just Polly Smith with the rest; Charley she had called him in those early days.

The Polly he was thinking of had vanished, leaving no trace behind. Miss Markham-Smith, as she now styled herself, looked and behaved like any other lady, with this difference, she was just a little forced, a trifle unnatural. And, thought English, as he detected little lines in cheek and brow, a just perceptible look of care, gentility in her case is perhaps dearly purchased. The keep-

ing up of appearances on a narrow income, the perpetual striving after society, leave traces behind as well as sorrow.

He felt compassion for her as he came to this conclusion. It seemed to him that she would have been happier far as the Polly of old days.

"So you think of settling here," she said, scrutinising him as she spoke, evidently bent on discovering his position in society. "Have you any introductions?"

"Only that of a tolerably filled purse," was the blunt reply. This fastidiously dressed lady captivated him one moment and disenchanted him the next. Her finished manners, her charming appearance, were exactly to his taste; not so the worldliness that betrayed itself in little things. She laughed somewhat contemptuously he thought, yet that allusion to money evidently proved effective. As if anxious to undo her former speech, she added, "One's best referee, of course, is one's banker; how pleasant to have plenty of money."

"The chief point is to know how to enjoy your fortune when you have made it," replied English.

"Ah, you come from the colonies. Do tell me of your travels," she said. "Colonial life interests me immensely." Was she sincere? He could not say. Seated on a low stool, graciously toying with a hand-screen, she looked up as if about to listen in good earnest. And all the while, of that he felt assured, the stranger opposite was Mr. English. She had not the remotest suspicion of his identity.

"My adventures would make a long story. Perhaps I could throw them into the form of a Penny Reading," he said. "I presume you have such things here?"

"In the winter, yes; but call on Mr. Whiston, our curate, talk over the matter with him; your lecture would be delightful, I am sure." English smiled.

"Before I can set about lecturing, I must put a roof over my head."

"What kind of house do you want?—there's a fine old place to let just now, the Manor."

"Oh," he replied, laughing—he knew the Manor well, an Elizabethan mansion with pleasure farm attached—"I want something on a much humbler scale—a nice little farm to purchase and cultivate."

Her face fell. She had apparently imagined him a millionaire.

"Then the best possible person to apply to is Mr. Johnson, the lawyer. He lives a stone's throw from this."

Somewhat reluctantly English rose; he could hardly frame a decent excuse for staying longer.

"Do not go before tea; it will be here immediately. Tea is so refreshing, and you look tired."

He sat down, more in love than ever. The moment before he had accused her of mercenariness—of thinking meanly of him because he did not want a mansion. The kind little speech more than made amends. Just then the door was opened and two visitors announced.

"The Reverend Mr. Whiston, Mr. Johnson—the very persons our new neighbour, Mr. English, wanted to see," said the hostess, introducing her guests to one another.

#### V.—A TOUCH OF NATURE.

IF Miss Markham-Smith had been acting a part hitherto she was trebly under the necessity of doing so now. English at once realised how matters stood. The two men, although apparently on friendliest terms, were rivals. This handsome woman, enjoying a fortune—however small—of her own, was still as she had been in her penniless days—a bone of contention. Coquette at sixteen, Polly at thirty-six had not unlearned coquetry. Plain, too, to all but blind eyes that the fact of having a new admirer was going to be made the most of. The pair just ushered in presented a striking contrast to Polly's first visitor. The curate and the lawyer's clerk were by no means poor-looking creatures, nor undersized, but they appeared delicate and slender beside the sunburnt, solidly built colonist. In homely phrase, he could have lifted each with his little finger. English was far from making any such comparison. He had learned the full value of education, good manners, the makings up of what is called a gentleman. If these two envied his well-developed proportions and bronzed complexion, he was wishing he could feel equally at home in a lady's drawing-room, and talk of any subject.

All three soon set him at his ease. They began talking of himself, a topic on which most of us can be eloquent.

The curate, on learning English's decision to settle at Deben, rubbed his hands joyfully.

"A nugget! the very person we want here," he cried. "A little help with the schools, five shillings towards the annual treat, half a sovereign towards choir expenses—in fact, a trifle here, a trifle there; my dear sir, you will prove a veritable godsend, a benefactor all round!"

"Don't leave me out of the question," put in the lawyer. "Leases to draw up, wills—no offence, sir—to make. I feel richer already."

The lady of the house smiled reprovingly. "Is Mr. English's acquaintance to be put in the second place?" she said. Then, turning to her old lover with a bewitching smile, added, "To speak plain truth, we were getting somewhat dull. Our little society needed new elements."

English ought, of course, to have bowed his thanks. Instead he laughed and replied bluntly:

"I fear 'tis little any society will get from me."

Miss Marie had learned to talk like a book, and as she went on he listened admiringly. He preferred to listen rather than talk; whilst the three now drifted from subject to subject, he became quite silent.

Was it in order to show their superiority, and make him feel that there were two sides to the question just mooted? Both the curate and the lawyer began to discuss books, music, and other topics of which the colonist knew little or nothing. It seemed to him that they were bent on vindicating themselves and the little circle of which Miss Marie had spoken slightly. "Certainly," thought English, "folks who can talk of everything under the sun, and whose talk is good enough for the newspapers, stand in small need of a homely fellow like myself."

The entrance of Betty with a pretty five-o'clock tea-cloth swinging on one arm created a distraction. Miss Marie's maid-of-all-work had taken to gentility too late in life. Unlike her mistress, she betrayed early habits and rustic bringing up. Every movement was brisk to noisiness, every action a series of jerks. As she now brought forward a fragile wickerwork table, she dashed aside a chair here, a fancy screen there, creating no less commotion than if a wild animal had been turned loose in the room. The curate was obliged to look to his feet, the lawyer to his head, Miss Marie's reiterated "Gently, Betty, gently," having no effect whatever.

English watched her with amusement and satisfaction. The heartiness she put into her work, her undaunted ease of manner, pleased him. Adorable as he found the lady, he owned that with the maid he should feel more at home. A man may learn and unlearn much in the New World. He remains himself, and English had no wish to appear any other. For the first time he was now concealing his humble origin, and somehow the presence of Betty seemed to reprove him for the fraud. She reminded him of old days, of cowslip-gathering and weed-burning, of haysel and harvest. Many a time just such a girl as Betty must have been in her youth had filled his pockets with fruit and cakes, depriving herself for one still worse off. He longed to throw off the mask, and for once and for all have done playing the fine gentleman.

Betty, in spite of her bustle and clatter, was observing the stranger. More than once as she spread her little table-cloth she glanced at him with looks that seemed to say, "Never mind this grand talk; I daresay you have as much in your head as the best of them." Betty's face was very expressive. She could blame, applaud, encourage without so much as opening her lips; and although, of course, forbidden to speak to guests in the drawing-room, would interchange knowing looks with those she knew.

"Are you musical, Mr. English?" asked Miss Marie, wishing to draw her visitor into conversation.

"Well, I can't say no. I like a good song as well as anyone," was the reply.

"And you sing, I have no doubt?"

"After a fashion."

"We have a Glee Society here," she said. "It will be delightful if you join. We sadly want a good tenor. Are you a tenor?"

"A poor one, I am afraid."

"You can do this, I have no doubt?" said the curate, singing a few words.

"And this?" put in the lawyer, also illustrating his speech with a note or two.

"And this?" said Miss Marie, going to the piano and striking a chord.

English good-naturedly did as he was bidden. Opening his lips, he sang the opening lines of an

old song, a song familiar to him from his boyhood:

"Shades of evening close not o'er us,  
Leave our lonely bark awhile."

Just then Betty burst in with the tea-tray. It was a heavily laden little tray, and she carried it upon one arm, an awkward, unsafe fashion for which her mistress had often reproved her. Awkward as she appeared, however, Betty rarely broke anything—sure-footed, sure-handed, sure-eyed, she very seldom made a false move. What then was the astonishment and consternation of Miss Marie when a loud crash was heard, and the horrified spectators beheld Betty sprawling on the floor, the sugar-basin bowling in one direction, the tea-pot spinning in another, milk and tea making little rivulets on the carpet, bread-and-butter licking up the dust, cups and saucers more or less smashed!

"Betty!"

The poor mistress could say no more. Tears of dismay stood in her eyes. Her pretty tea-service ruined, her carpet hopelessly damaged, her little collation wasted! A lady living on small means is obliged to consider every item.

But Betty showed no contrition at the mischief



"NEVER BE ASHAMED OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES, CHARLEY, BOY."

she had wrought. Instead of immediately fetching sponge and towels, instead of apology upon apology, she gesticulated, laughed, wept, and indeed behaved like one demented.

"Betty!" again remonstrated Miss Marie.



"Ah, there's one here who knew Betty even before you did!"

So saying, she went up to English, seized both hands and shook them again and again—looked, indeed, ready to embrace him in the fulness of her joy.

"Never be ashamed of old acquaintances, Charley, boy. I am Betty Rouse—you remember her, I'm sure?—many a time we've gone a-nutting together. I must out with it all. Your fine gentleman, Miss Marie, is our Charley, who got into a scrape on your account and was sent to prison; you can't have forgotten Charley?"

She held him out at arm's length, turned him round, laid an approving hand on his arm.

"Fine feathers make fine birds, but, bless your heart! I would have picked you out of a crowd; trust me. Right glad am I to see you once more—I never expected it."

Her voice trembled; she seemed on the point of crying.

"You never wrote to any of us, but we thought of you all the same. I knitted you a muffler for your birthday, and have it still."

The catastrophe of a few minutes before was now forgotten. The curate and the lawyer looked on, wondering what would come next. Miss Marie blushed, lost colour, bit her lips with consternation and mortified vanity. This new-comer, then, the acquisition to society so proudly introduced to her friends, was Charley Askew—the workhouse boy!

English's true, manly voice put an end to the general embarrassment. He was roused from his dream. Betty's voice recalled all that had been best and truest in his youth—not the smiles of a coquette, but unrewarded kindness, fellowship that came from the heart. Often and often had a bright-eyed, brisk, sharp-voiced girl of fourteen consoled him in boyish trouble, regaled in hungry moments, cheered with merry retort.

And on that last sad evening at the Swan, just as the police had laid hands on him, it was Betty who whispered a brave word, Betty who bade him be of good cheer. "She is right," he said, "good, true friend—"

"Don't say any more, Charley," cried Betty, now weeping aloud. "Don't!"

"Forgive me, Miss Markham-Smith—forgive me, gentlemen," he continued, "for having come here under false pretences. 'English' I shall call myself still, but that does not alter the fact. Charley Askew will never blush for his old self or his old friends."

"You are quite right," said the curate, coming

forward with hand outstretched; his companion followed his example; only Miss Marie looked distant and crestfallen.

"Don't fret about the carpet and the china, miss," exclaimed poor Betty, now wiping her eyes. "I've scraped up a few pounds, I'll make all good."

"Never mind about the breakages now, but go and make some more tea," her mistress replied, slowly recovering herself. "And meantime, Mr. English," here she smiled and shook hands with her old admirer, "please sit down again and tell us some of your adventures."

Gentility had taught Miss Marie many things, among others how to make the best of an awkward situation.

#### CONCLUSION.

It was a wintry night fifteen months later. A bright fire blazed in Twig's parlour, and around it were gathered the four friends—the sage host, Sly the wit, Turtle the strong, Ling the brave. All put down their pipes from time to time and glanced towards the door. They evidently expected some one.

On a sudden a scraping of feet and shaking of overcoats was heard outside, and the next moment a burly, cheery figure appeared on the threshold. As he stood there wiping the snowflakes from hair and beard, the others noticed an unwonted glister in their friend's eyes. He was weeping, but surely of joy, not grief.

"Twins! I thought so; some men *are* born to luck," said Twig.

"Girls or boys?" asked Ling nervously. He was ever disposed to look at the dark side of things.

"A little Charley for his mother to make a fool of, a little maid for her father to spoil—eh, neighbour?" asked the miller.

English nodded.

"Health and long life to mother and babes, also to bride and bridegroom," he said. "I suppose you know it, Charley—Miss Smith was married to-day to the Reverend Mr. Whiston?"

English hardly heard.

"I am thinking of my wife," he said. "Betty is as proud as a queen of her boy and girl."

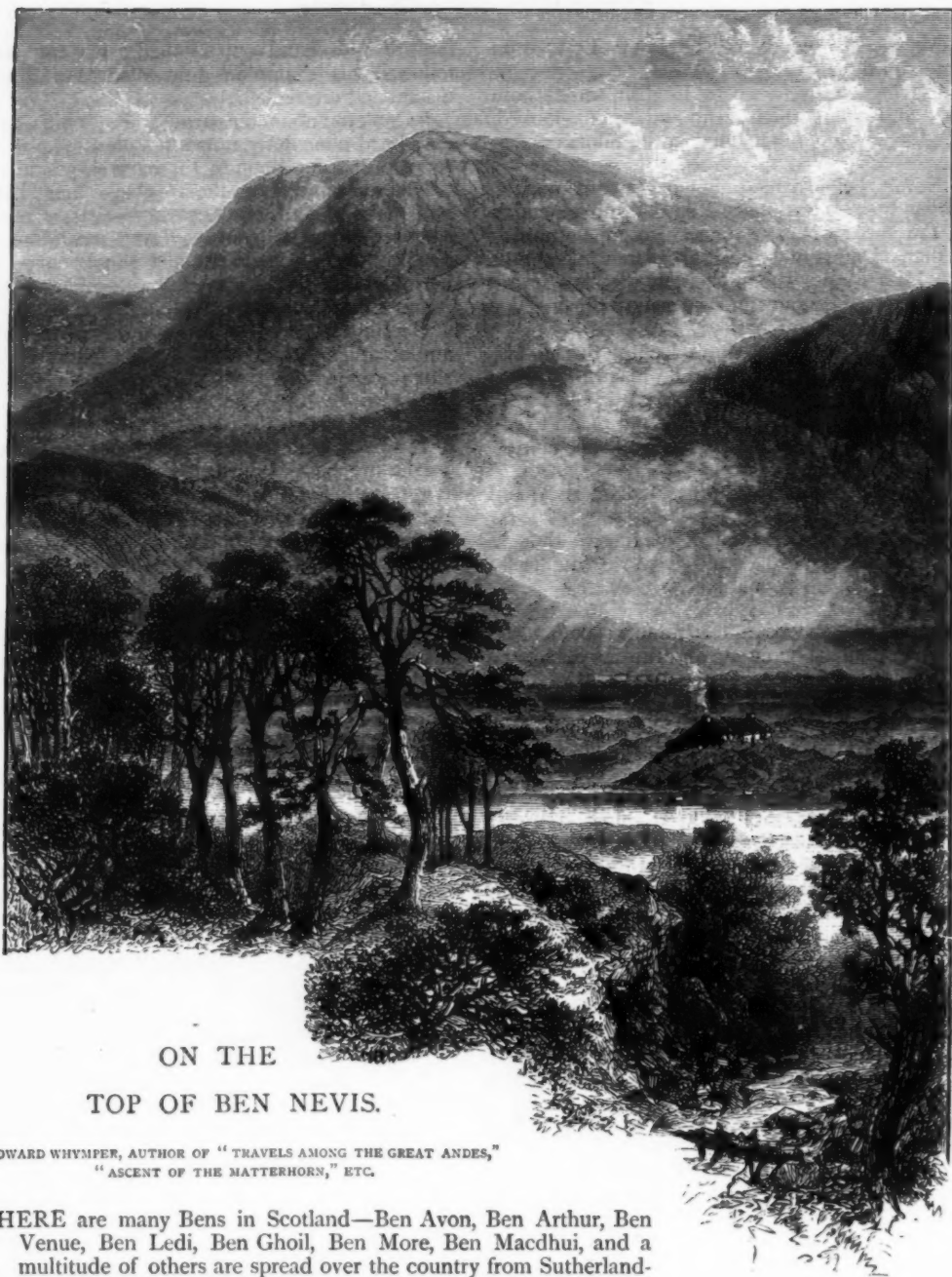
"And of her good man, I'll be bound," put in the miller.

"You are right there," said Ling.

"When I think of your position twenty-one years ago, and of what it is to-day, and all thanks to yourself!" pursued Turtle.

"'Tis indeed the Turning of the Tide," was the wise man's comment, and no one ventured to improve upon it.





## ON THE TOP OF BEN NEVIS.

BY EDWARD WHYMFER, AUTHOR OF "TRAVELS AMONG THE GREAT ANDES,"  
"ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN," ETC.

THERE are many Bens in Scotland—Ben Avon, Ben Arthur, Ben Venue, Ben Ledi, Ben Ghoil, Ben More, Ben Macdhui, and a multitude of others are spread over the country from Sutherlandshire to Stirlingshire. Fifteen of them are more than three thousand feet high,<sup>1</sup> and the loftiest of them all is the Ben about which I am going to speak, Ben Nevis, the culminating point of the United Kingdom. Some of these appellations have meanings. Ben Ledi signifies "The Mountain of God," and Ben Ghoil is "The Mountain of the Wind"; but I have been unable to discover that Nevis has any import, or is anything more than a name.

Our Ben—the Ben *par excellence*—is situated at the southern end of the Caledonian Canal, on the western side of the county of Inverness, in what was formerly the land of the Camerons; and being placed almost exactly mid-way between the northern and southern extremities of Scotland, overlooks most of the centre of the country. About ten miles to the north-east are the famous parallel roads of Glenroy, and nine miles to the south lies the scene of the massacre of Glencoe. Even half-way up its

<sup>1</sup> These are enumerated in a valuable and interesting paper by Mr. Hugh T. Munro, in No. 6 of "The Scottish Mountaineering Club Journal."—Ben Nevis, 4,406 feet; Ben Macdhui, 4,296; Ben Lawers, 3,984; Ben Alder, 3,757; Ben Cruachan, 3,689; Ben Starav, 3,541; Ben Wyvis, 3,429; Ben More, 3,273; Ben Voirlich, 3,224; Ben Sgiol, 3,196; Ben Lomond, 3,192; Ben Clibrig, 3,164; Ben Vannoch, 3,125; Ben Hope, 3,040; and Ben Vane, 3,004. Mr. Munro mentions no fewer than 283 mountains in Scotland which exceed the height of 3,000 feet.

slopes, views stretch far and wide over hill, loch, and glen, and from the summit, on a clear day, the prospect extends from the buildings of Inverness, and Ben Wyvis beyond, to the northern coast line of Ireland, and from east to west embraces nearly all that there is between the North Sea and the Atlantic.

Few persons, however, have the advantage of gazing upon this magnificent view, for the top of Ben Nevis, more often than not, is wrapped in mist, which is sometimes so dense that it is difficult to see one's feet. In past ages, possibly, the mountain enjoyed a very different climate. This region was once the seat of great subterranean activity. Geologists look upon our Ben as the fragment of an ancient volcano.<sup>1</sup> Its top, anyhow, is composed of rock which has been molten. The surfaces of the shattered fragments that cover the summit being decomposed, give no clue to the real nature of the rock, which is compact and heavy, very dark, and when polished almost black in colour, and bears a strong resemblance to lavas which I have collected on some of the great Andean volcanoes.

Constant observations of atmospheric pressure, of temperature, winds, rain, and the other matters with which meteorology is concerned are necessary for forecasting weather, and they cannot be made so efficiently at low levels as at elevated stations. "It is generally admitted," says a well-known American meteorologist, "that one of the greatest drawbacks to a full understanding of meteorological phenomena lies in the fact that the observations on which we base our knowledge are generally made close to the ground. . . . When one looks from a high mountain peak into the open ocean of air and sees the clouds float far above, and then looks down on the plains and valleys, one is tempted to *despise* the poor means with which we are trying to study the ever-changing conditions of the aerial ocean. Down below, where the air, murky and heavy with smoke and dust, stagnates on the ground, there we have placed our instruments. It is not strange that we have often been unable to find the clue to the cause of atmospheric phenomena, but, on the contrary, we may be surprised that we have succeeded so well. . . . Where the earth's surface rises in plateaux, the advantage of elevation above the sea is almost entirely neutralised by placing our instruments in air masses which are affected by contact with the earth. For this reason, meteorological observatories should be located on high and isolated peaks."<sup>2</sup> And further, it became apparent long ago that a knowledge of the vertical variations which occur in the atmosphere was of great value in connection with the study of storms and the preparation of weather forecasts. To observe vertical variations it is necessary to have stations close together (or anyhow not far apart) and with

a considerable difference of level,<sup>3</sup> and this was the reason which led to the establishment of a meteorological observatory on Ben Nevis. The mountain is the highest in the country, and its summit (measured horizontally) is only a short distance from places where it is possible to observe at the level of the sea; and "it is," says Dr. Buchan, "situated in the track of the south-west storms from the Atlantic, which exercise, particularly during the colder months of the year, so preponderating an influence on the weather of Europe."<sup>4</sup>

The first steps were taken by the Scottish Meteorological Society. In 1877 Mr. Milne Home, who was then chairman of the Council, drew attention to the advantages offered by Ben Nevis, and the Society resolved to erect a permanent observatory on the top. In 1879 a plan was prepared, and offers were received from various contractors, but the project could not be proceeded with from want of funds. At that time few meteorological observatories had been founded on mountain summits. There were, I believe, only three in Europe and two in the United States.<sup>5</sup> Since then their number has largely increased, and they have been pushed by degrees to the tops of the loftiest points which are attainable in Europe and in South America. Quite recently, one has even been established at the height of 19,200 feet.<sup>6</sup>

While matters were in this condition, a private individual came forward and offered to ascend the mountain *daily* through the summer of 1881, to make observations at the top simultaneously with others to be made at its base, provided the Society would defray the necessary expenses. This offer was accepted, and Mr. Clement Wragge actually made a series of observations from the 1st of June to the 14th of October, 1881, upon the summit, besides superintending the transport and installation of the instruments. In the following year operations were carried on upon a more extensive scale. Eight stations between Fort William and the top were established at different heights on the mountain, and observations were made at these eight stations both on the outward and homeward journeys; while simultaneous observations were made at Fort William. This was done for five months without the break of a single day!<sup>7</sup> In 1883 similar observations were carried on by others.

Mr. Wragge performed very arduous and meritorious work. The ascent of Ben Nevis upon a fine day is a mere walk, which can be taken by anyone; but in bad weather, sometimes, it is a serious business, and the weather on our Ben in the summer months is by no means the finest. Snow may fall at any time; sunshine is rare; mists

<sup>3</sup> Preferably immediately above one another, but this in practice is impossible, except upon a small scale.

<sup>4</sup> Amongst other advantages possessed by the summit may be mentioned its *size*. On few mountain-tops is there so large an area upon which one can move about with reasonable freedom.

<sup>5</sup> On the Puy de Dôme (France), 4,813 feet; Schafberg (Austria), 5,827; Obergipfel (Austria), 6,706; Mount Washington (U.S.), 6,286; and Pike's Peak (U.S.), 14,134.

<sup>6</sup> References will be made to some of the principal of these observatories in a following article, accompanied by engravings.

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Wragge gave a detailed account of his proceedings in "Good Words," 1880-3.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Judd, who has devoted much attention to volcanic phenomena, says that in what geologists term Devonian or Old Red Sandstone times, "along the line which now forms the Grampians, there rose a series of volcanoes of the very grandest character. Ben Nevis, and many others among the higher Scotch mountains, have been carved by denudation from the hard masses of plutonic rocks which formed the central cores of these ancient volcanic piles."

<sup>2</sup> "Mountain Meteorology," by A. Lawrence Rotch.



are abundant. After making the ascent for nine consecutive days at the beginning of June, Mr. Wragge found it was advisable to be relieved from his task about two days per week by an assistant, and one or another went to the top and down again, daily, until October 14, when the increasing severity of the weather put a stop to their proceedings. On that day Mr. Wragge set out, accompanied by a local guide, well aware that he was likely to be handled roughly. Before they were halfway up the wind was tearing along at the rate of ninety miles per hour, accompanied by blinding sleet and snow.

"I was determined to advance, so we continued the ascent. It was, however, evident that we could not reach the summit; yet, baffled and beaten back by the wind, which was still increasing, we still struggled onwards, each being loath to give in. We now floundered along in the direction of the Red Burn, stumbling over rocks and into holes and crevices, having no track to guide us through the fog and drift. By 8.50 A.M. we had reached an altitude exceeding 2,200 feet, the wind was travelling a hundred and thirty miles an hour and upwards, and the fury of the blinding and suffocating drifts sweeping diagonally down the mountain's side was positively terrible. We could not keep our legs, and it was quite impossible to proceed farther. Thick cloud-fog enveloped all, and distinct vision was at times limited to

was about 3,000 feet above the sea. Out of the 122 days between June 1 and September 30, 1882 were rainy at the top of the Ben. Sometimes the ordinary atmospheric conditions were reversed, and the summit was clear, when all below was wrapped in fog. On one gloomy day, he said:

"When I had attained an altitude of 1,500 feet I found myself entirely out of the fog, and looking down upon a vast mass like a great 'sea' of clouds from which the mountains' tops to northward reached out like the hilly coast-line of South Africa. On arriving at the top of the Ben, the scene was in the highest degree impressive. The summit was entirely clear, the sky high above bespattered as it were with large flakes of cirro-cumulus and streaks of cirro-stratus; while below, all around, covering the glens and lesser mountains, and reaching right into the precipice corries, were vast masses of white cumulus clouds tipped with orange, and packed and piled up as in great undulatory breaking billows sweeping the sides of the higher peaks and sending off arms, wisps, streaks, and fibres into the far-distant ravines and burns. The very tops of some mountains would just appear above the great sea of cloud below me like tiny islets."

Mr. Wragge found that it was "a very hard experience" to remain, in the month of June, one hour per day on the top. The wind, he said, often "moaned, roared, and re-echoed in precipice corries



THE REMAINS OF MR. WRAGGE'S HOUSE.

about a yard. Our clothes were hard frozen and coated with ice, and ice-lumps like eggs had formed on our beards. So arm in arm we retraced our steps, ploughing through the deepening drifts, now thigh deep, and falling down every few paces. We could, however, only proceed in the descent by intervals, struggling on from boulder to boulder, and pausing to leeward of them for breath and shelter."

This episode occurred toward the end of the season, when bad times may be expected, but there were numerous occasions in the earlier part of the year when the weather was not altogether enjoyable. Indeed the first two days that he went up the mountain were the very best he had during the five months.<sup>1</sup> "On no subsequent occasion did I experience weather like that of May 31 and June 1." Upon sixteen mornings in June, thirty in July, twenty-two in August, and twenty-one in September, the mountain was enveloped in cloud. "Occasionally the cloud-fog extended right down the mountain to about 1,000 feet, but usually its limit

<sup>1</sup> The usual time taken by Mr. Wragge between Fort William and the top was three hours. Once he got up in two hours and a half. He rode to the Lake (Lochan Meall an t, Suidhe), 1,840 feet, and did the rest on foot. The track he followed differs from that which is now habitually used.

and glens below with terrific bluster; and suddenly a gust would sweep across, travelling upwards of 100 miles an hour." "When the summit was enveloped in thick cloud, I had almost to grope my way to the different instruments; either rain was falling persistently in a fine drizzle, or the fog particles were crystallising on my clothes and beard." "I was often wet through for many hours, with my hands swollen by the cold and biting wind so that I could only just scrawl down the observations, holding the pencil in my clenched fist." To give some shelter from the inclemency of the weather, a hut was constructed on the summit, out of the rough blocks which are strewn about everywhere, with walls about three and a half feet thick, and was covered with a tarpaulin, supported by a spar and lashed down with cords. After the storm of October 14, 1881, it was found that the tarpaulin had been blown away: "only a few shreds and pieces of rope remained." It was evident that work for the season would soon close. The barometer was left behind built up in a cairn, and most of the other instruments were brought down. When this was done, at the end of October, "the rocks



were already encrusted with ice and rime six to eight inches thick.

"The thermometer-cage was entirely frozen up, so that I could not thrust the point of my stick through a single mesh of the wire-work; and ice incrustations of most weird and fantastic shapes had formed on the instruments and fixings. The ice covering the solar radiation thermometer presented a most extraordinary appearance. The entire instrument, with the post on which it was mounted, was thickly imbedded in a mass of frozen snow and rime, stretching horizontally to windward, with arms and spikes of ice shortening in length nearer the ground. The uppermost of these was about four feet long, and the lowest about a foot."

The ruins of Mr. Wragge's house still remain on the summit, and are an interesting relic of his indefatigable efforts. His work did him much honour, but in recognition of it he has not, so far as I am aware, received *any* honours. The interest which was aroused by him in Ben Nevis had no doubt a potent effect when the appeal was made for funds in 1883. In a few months the sum of 5,000*l.* was raised, the subscriptions ranging from 200*l.* to a halfpenny, contributed by persons of all degrees from H.M. the Queen downwards. Before the end of the year an observatory was erected on the very summit of the Ben, close against the Ordnance mark which indicates the highest point of the United Kingdom. Mr. R. T. Omond was appointed superintendent, with Mr. Angus Rankin as first assistant, and these gentlemen still occupy the same positions.

The Observatory is a massive structure, and at first sight seems able to afford more accommodation than it does actually. The thickness of the walls reduces the area that is available for rooms very considerably. By reference to the plan, it will be seen that the principal apartment marked A (which

scarcely more than twelve feet square. The bedrooms are about the size of ordinary berths in a ship, with windows that are a sort of compromise

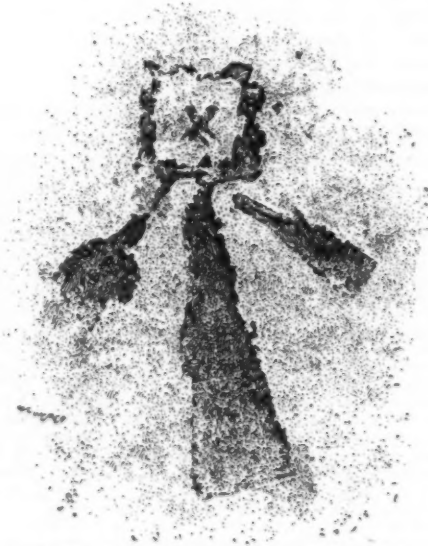


A BEDROOM WINDOW AT BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

between those of prison cells and the loopholes of a mediæval castle.<sup>1</sup> It is all on one storey, with the exception of the tower, and has double wooden walls covered with felt, enclosed by stone walls from four to ten feet thick. The windows are doubled, and the roof is covered with lead, overlaid with boarding. "The strength of the building has been frequently tested by gales of a severity and duration never experienced at lower levels," and it has withstood them all without damage, except that panes of glass are occasionally broken by fragments of ice torn off and hurled by the wind.

The Observatory is under the management of a board of directors, consisting of the office-bearers of the Scottish Meteorological Society, representatives of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, and of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow. Permission to inspect it is freely accorded, but on

<sup>1</sup> Originally, there was only one room thirteen feet square, "which had to serve as office, kitchen, telegraph office, and general living room, with three bedrooms opening off it, the other end of the building being taken up with store-rooms, coal-cellar, etc. This was found too small for satisfactorily carrying on the work of the Observatory. The doorway got blocked with snow, and exit was often impossible during storms, just when observations of temperature and wind would have been most valuable. In the summer of 1884, large additions were therefore made, comprising another room to serve as laboratory and telegraph office, two additional bedrooms, one of the old ones being converted into a pantry or store-room, a room to receive telegrams from visitors at times when it may be inconvenient to take strangers into the Observatory, and, most important, a tower about thirty feet high, which serves the double purpose of carrying a set of anemometers, and of providing a convenient exit when the winter snows have closed the ordinary doorway."



THIS IS THE HIGHEST SPOT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.  
ORDNANCE MARK ON THE TOP OF BEN NEVIS.

has to serve all sorts of purposes) measures only fifteen feet by twelve, while the next largest (D), which is kitchen and dining-room combined, is



OBSERVATORY STATION ON THE SUMMIT OF BEN NEVIS.

account of the limited accommodation it is impossible to allow anyone to remain overnight; and so, for the benefit of the public, a restaurant has been erected a few yards away, where refreshments are sold, and beds can be had.<sup>1</sup> In the summer of 1892 special permission was granted to me by the Council of Directors to visit both the Observatory on the summit, and the base or low-level station in correspondence with it (which is situated at the southern end of the town of Fort William\*), for the purpose of comparing aneroid barometers against the standard mercurial barometers above and below.<sup>3</sup> In

<sup>1</sup> Total abstainers will be glad to learn that no alcoholic liquors are sold here. All the so-called "Dew off Ben Nevis" settles at the foot of the mountain in a large distillery, whence it is sent out over the world under the name of "Long John."

<sup>2</sup> Fort William, which was originally built to keep the Camerons in order, has now well-nigh disappeared. Access to the town is now made easy by the opening of the West Highland Railway.

<sup>3</sup> Especial mention should be made of Dr. Alexander Buchan, the able and indefatigable Secretary of the Society, who from first to last has taken an active part in the foundation and maintenance of the establishment.

The object of these experiments was to demonstrate to the observers in charge the correctness of the conclusions I had arrived at in respect to the working of aneroid barometers. These will be found (along with the observations which led to them) in my pamphlet "How to use the Aneroid Barometer," published by Mr. John Murray. Ben Nevis is the only place in the country where such demonstration is possible. The principal points are these:

1. All aneroids lose upon the mercurial barometer when submitted to diminished pressure. When diminished pressure is maintained continuously, the loss commonly continues to augment during several weeks, and sometimes grows to a very important amount. The most important part of any loss that will occur will take place in the first week. The loss which takes place in the first week is greater than in any subsequent one. A considerable part of the loss which takes place in the first week occurs in the first day. The loss may be traced in a single hour and in successive hours upon aneroids with expanded scales. The amount of the loss which occurs is different in different instruments. The amount of the loss in any aneroid depends (a) upon the duration of time it may experience diminished pressure, and (b) upon the extent of the reduction in pressure.

carrying on this work I went to and fro five times between the Observatories in the course of a week, and had a fair experience of Ben Nevis weather. The first day I went up, I started merely for a walk in Glen Nevis, and had no idea of going to the top; but seeing the path on the other side of the valley I tucked up my trousers and forded the stream to get to it. The proceeding met with the approval of an ancient Grampian shepherd sitting on the opposite bank, who said, "You'll be better all day for doin' that." He thought, very likely, that I never wash at home. By his recommendation I went for a walk to the lake; but clouds were low down that day, the lake was invisible: I passed it without being aware of its existence, and presently found myself on the summit, well saturated with Scotch mist. It was only on the fifth ascent anything could be seen from the top.<sup>4</sup>

II. When pressure is restored, all aneroids recover a portion of the loss which has previously occurred; and some, in course of recovery, gain more than they have previously lost. Minus index-errors are sometimes lessened, and plus index-errors are sometimes increased. The recovery is gradual, and commonly extends over a greater length of time than the period during which diminished pressure has been experienced. In aneroids which have been kept at diminished pressures for a considerable space of time (a week or upwards), the most important part of the amount that will be recovered will be regained in the first week. The greater part of the recovery of the first week is usually accomplished in the first day. The recovery in the first hour is almost always larger than that in any subsequent hour.

In consequence of the loss which occurs in aneroids when they are kept at diminished pressure for a length of time, travellers are often led to believe that atmospheric pressure is *lower* than it is actually; and, in consequence, they over-estimate their altitudes. A great part of the altitudes throughout the world, which depend upon the observations of aneroids, are too *high*, and a general lowering of them will be found necessary.

<sup>4</sup> During the few gleams of sunlight that occurred while I was on the top, I saw many spiders, and captured three species—one *Porhomma montigena*, L. Koch, which was first recorded as British in 1890, when it was discovered on Helvellyn by the Rev.

The way now taken to the Observatory is different from that followed by Mr. Wragge. It commences at the farm of Achintee, in Glen Nevis, and for the most part goes round the southern side of the mountain. So far as the lake the new path is good, but the upper half, for several miles, resembles a newly macadamised road.<sup>1</sup> As one ascends, the ground becomes more and more barren and sterile, until at last scarcely anything is seen except a wilderness of shattered rocks. To walk upright over these angular fragments requires



A CAIRN TO MARK THE WAY. BEN NEVIS.

an almost Blondinian proficiency in the art of balancing.

"On high Benmore green mosses grow,  
And heath-bells bud in deep Glencroe,  
and copse on Cruchan-Ben;  
But here,—above, around, below,  
On mountain and in glen,  
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
Nor aught of vegetative power,  
The weary eye may ken."

That is what a poet might say. A matter-of-fact man could retort that the poet was a bad observer, for the summit of our Ben has its flora and fauna. The slopes on the southern side of

F. O. P. Cambridge; fine specimens of *Oligolophus morio* (Fabr.), a species which is found both in the lowlands and hills; and an adult male of a heretofore unknown species of *Leptyphantes*, which will presently be described by Mr. Cambridge. Also two flies, *Scatophaga squalida*, Meigen, not common in Great Britain, and *Portobus nitidus*, Meigen, which is found in England throughout the year, and may be seen flying about when snow is on the ground; and several larval forms of *Carabidae*. Snow-buntings nest among the northern cliffs, and hawks and ravens are frequently seen. Red deer occasionally come within a few hundred feet of the top, and observe the observers.

<sup>1</sup> The formation of this path has cost more than a thousand pounds, and as a rent for it has to be paid to the proprietor of the land (!), and as it is expensive to keep in order, a charge of one shilling a head is made for using it, or three shillings for every person on horseback.

the mountain for the most part are gentle, and provided the weather is clear there is no possibility of mistaking the way. But during mist, caution should be used when approaching the summit, as it is easy to go astray, despite the cairns which mark the way, and the northern side is extremely precipitous. The Observatory is placed almost on the verge of the precipice which faces the north. This great cliff is one of the finest pieces of *crag* in our country, and it has never been climbed, though every now and then adventurous ones go and look at it with wistful eyes. Before attempting its escalade, communicate with the Observatory, for it is found convenient by the denizens to tumble their dust, ashes, and refuse down a shoot into the abyss below, and they are gradually turning it into the biggest dust-hole in the world.

The regular work of the Observatory, consisting of *hourly* observations by night as well as day, commenced on November 28, 1883, and since May, 1884, complete sets of readings of all the instruments,<sup>2</sup> outside as well as inside, have been taken almost without a break. In fine weather, if everything goes happily, the actual observations of the instruments can be made in a few minutes, and the entries and calculations in connection with them in a few minutes more; but many things occur to disturb the ordinary routine and absorb time. At night the observers must go out provided with lanterns to enable them to see the way and read the instruments, and the light commonly gets blown out when it is most wanted; against rain they must clothe themselves in oilskins; and in the winter they have to employ out of doors a costume suitable for an arctic climate. During the *first* winter no provision had been made for keeping an exit clear of snow, and before observations could be taken the observers had to *dig a way out*. Great drifts accumulated round the building before there was more than a few feet over the top in general, and, rising almost to the roof, completely hid the walls.<sup>3</sup> "A passage was dug outwards and upwards through this, which, though quite easily kept clear in fine weather, was constantly filled up as soon as the wind rose. This difficulty was partly overcome by constructing an archway of blocks of snow and tarpaulins over the snow steps leading up from the door, but as no door could be placed at the upper end of this archway or tunnel there was always the danger of drift choking it. On several occasions during the night watches the drift came in faster than one man could shovel it out, and there was nothing for it but to bar the door and wait till morning, when all hands could be employed to reopen communication with the outside world by an hour or two of spade drill; good exercise, no doubt, but a kind of work not usually included in the routine of an Observatory. When the snow reached its full winter's depth of ten or twelve feet

<sup>2</sup> The instruments in regular use comprise a mercurial (Fortin) barometer; dry and wet bulb, maximum and minimum, and black bulb *in vacuo* thermometers; rain and snow gauges; sunshine recorders; anemometers for estimating the force of the wind, etc.

<sup>3</sup> The cairns are completely covered up in winter, but the tops of the poles stick out of the snow. When the snow is unusually deep even the poles may be covered up. Topmasts are then rigged up.



all attempts to keep this doorway clear in bad weather were hopeless." In later years these particular difficulties have not occurred. They do not attempt to dig themselves out, but escape by a ladder up a sort of chimney in the tower, and step through its door on to the snow-covered roof.

At the low-level Observatory most of the instruments are self-recording, and although this does not dispense with observers it lightens their labour. On the summit the instruments are not self-registering, and each observation has to be made by eye. To make them hourly, day after day, two persons at least are necessary.<sup>1</sup> The barometer is an easy instrument to observe, but it is one of the most exacting, and rigorous readings of it at the precise moment become oppressive when made hourly, during months and years.

The greatest (or extreme) range of the barometer at the top of Ben Nevis is about three inches. The highest reading that has been obtained since the opening of the Observatory is 26·115 inches, at noon on October 5, 1884; and the lowest is 23·174 inches, at 7 P.M. on January 26, 1884. This extremely low barometer occurred in a period of storms. During them, the mercury touched a lower point in Scotland than had ever been known before. At Edinburgh it tumbled down an inch and a half in thirteen hours, and got so low as 27·466 inches; at Fort William it was 27·400 inches, and at Ochertyre 27·333 inches. Afterwards it rose again with almost equal rapidity. The occurrence of a very low barometer does not necessarily provoke a storm. What is wanted to produce currents of air is the variation from the normal in atmospheric pressure or temperature, and it is found that a very moderate variation from the normal difference of pressure between the two Observatories is a sure indication of atmospheric disturbances. What is considered the normal pressure is the mean difference between the barometers at the two Observatories. Down below, at Fort William, the mean for the year is 29·862 inches; and at the top it is 25·299 inches—the difference of the two being 4·563 inches.

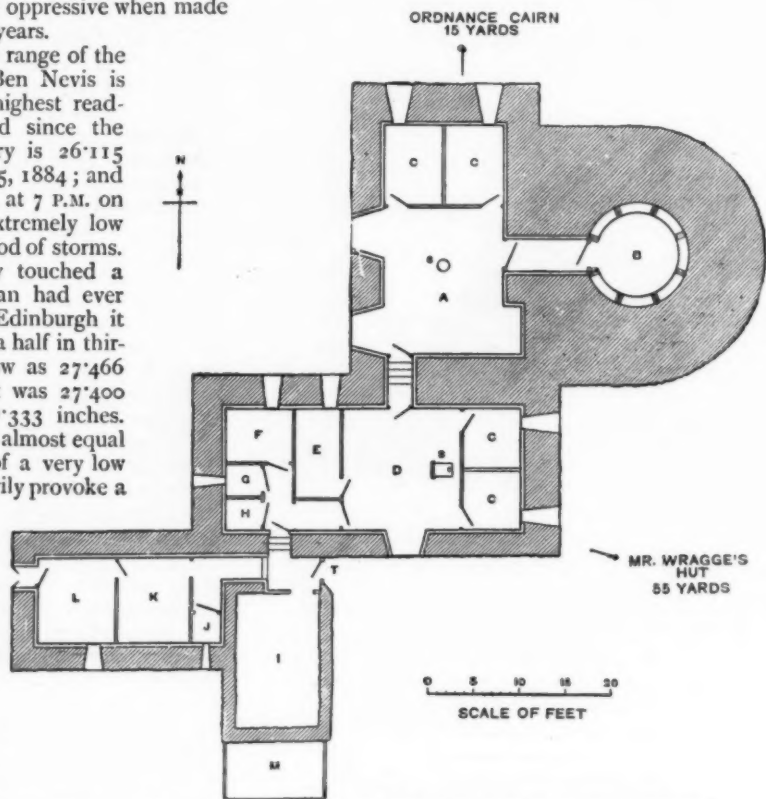
The variations in temperature from the normal are greater than those which occur in atmospheric pressure. The mean annual temperature at Fort William is about 16° F. *higher* than that at the top of the Ben.

	Mean in February.	Mean in July.
Fort William . . . . .	38°·7	56°·6
Top of Ben Nevis . . . .	22°·6	40°·6
Difference in the means	16°·1	16°·6

<sup>1</sup> Volunteers sometimes come up for a few weeks at a time to ease the labours of the permanent staff. Mr. R. C. Mossman of Edinburgh has done so on several occasions, even in winter.

The fall in temperature between the base and the summit is therefore about 1° F. for every 275 feet of ascent. Sometimes, however, the difference in temperature between the two stations is as much as 28°, and there are occasions when temperature, so to speak, is turned topsy turvy, and it is *warmer at the top than it is at the bottom*. An extreme case occurred on November 18, 1885, at 8 A.M., when at Fort William temperature was 10° *below* freezing point, while at the top it was 3° *above* freezing point.

The extremes of temperature which have hitherto been recorded at the top of the Ben are not at all sensational. The highest has been 67° on June 24, 1887, and the lowest 3°·5 on March 8, 1892.<sup>2</sup>



PLAN OF BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

- |             |                |                       |
|-------------|----------------|-----------------------|
| A. OFFICE   | F. STORE-ROOM  | K. STORE              |
| B. TOWER    | G. OIL-STORE   | L. TELEGRAPH OFFICE   |
| C. BEDROOMS | H. CUPBOARD    | M. SHED FOR HORSES    |
| D. KITCHEN  | I. COAL CELLAR | SS. STOVES            |
| E. SCULLERY | J. W.C.        | T. PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE |

The humidity of the atmosphere at the top of the Ben is one of its characteristic features. It will have been noticed that in the daily reports which are issued in the newspapers there are columns devoted to clouds, their nature and amount. The amount is reckoned from one to ten. Ten is the maximum, and the maximum occurs day after day. A great deal of the cloud which hangs about the summit is of the species called "Scotch mist." The atmosphere is frequently *saturated* with

<sup>2</sup> The mean *summer* temperature at the top of the Ben is about the same as that of Spitzbergen.



moisture. A dripping state is the normal condition of the Observatory, and we may almost say of the observers during the warmer part of the year. The annual rainfall on the top of the mountain (estimated from the monthly means of a series of years) is found to be nearly 130 inches, which is the greatest amount that has been observed at any meteorological station in Scotland, and in the whole of the British Islands has only been exceeded at some few places in the Lake district. Five and a third inches have been known to fall in a single day (December 12, 1885), and more than twenty-five inches in a month.

clearing the louvres and thermometers of the fine particles of snow with which they get covered by the whirling drifts, so that the essential condition of temperature observations may be secured for the bulbs of the thermometers, namely, that they are kept entirely in contact with the free atmosphere. . . . Further, more than common care and attention must be given to keep the wet bulb thermometer in good order, so that it may show unfailingly those changes in the humidity, which are frequently great, sudden, and of brief duration, and are so important in connection with the atmospheric changes of western Europe. Hence it is part of the observer's regular routine of duty after each observation to secure so far as possible that at next hour's observation the 'wet bulb' will be properly wet, and if the temperature is under  $32^{\circ}$  that it will have a proper coating of ice. For



*Alexander Buchan*

The heavy rainfalls are less troublesome to cope with than the Scotch mist, which is of an insinuating nature. An umbrella or a mackintosh can give some protection against rain, but they cannot exclude Scotch mist, as it goes round corners, walks upstairs, and pokes its nose, so to speak, everywhere. This condition of atmosphere produces difficulties with the thermometers. "During the warmer months of the year," says Dr. Buchan—

"It often happens that on opening the thermometer box a drop of water is seen on each thermometer bulb; the box itself seems just to have been lifted out of water. . . . In the winter months, when the temperature is below freezing, a dense mist frequently envelops everything, and the wind deposits ice on all objects as it sweeps past. . . . This state of things adds greatly to the labour of observing, inasmuch as it renders necessary a repeated change of the thermometer box, and the labour is further increased by the necessity of

this purpose a small phial of water is carried in the observer's pocket. Some idea may be formed of the unremitting care and attention required, when it is stated that in winter, on occasions of extraordinary dryness of the air, it sometimes happens that the cloth of the wet bulb thermometer, after being wetted and then covered with a coating of ice, becomes dry again in ten minutes. It is, however, nearly always found that a little attention to the wet bulb after each observation secures its being in good order for next hour's observation.

"But perhaps the greatest difficulty of all is with the dry bulb thermometer. Under the conditions referred to above, the dry bulb in winter gets rapidly encrusted with a thin pellicle of ice, and in the warmer season with a film of water with a drop ever and anon falling from it. The result is that the dry bulb becomes an almost ideally perfect wet bulb. . . . Hence, as regards the observations of temperature, registering instruments can never take the place of observers on Ben Nevis, . . . the personal services of the observers can never be dispensed with at this Observatory."

The effect of this humid atmosphere is very enervating and depressing to many persons, and the observers who have so long devoted themselves here to the cause of science must be eminently well adapted to this particular climate, otherwise they would have completely broken down long ago. The humidity of the atmosphere at the top of the Ben is connected with the excessive crystallisation which takes place, and causes an unlimited amount of trouble. During summer, or when temperature is above the freezing-point, the mist soaks everything, and every exposed surface, we have just seen, streams with moisture.

"In winter, when the temperature is below freezing, the effect of the fog is to cover everything with long, feathery masses of crystalline snow. It seems that as the fog is driven across the hill-top by the wind, and brushes against any obstruction, the moisture in it condenses in minute crystalline specks of snow or hoar frost; these accumulate until long cone-shaped crystals are formed, pointing to windward, which grow by continual accretion till they break off by their own weight. These crystals sometimes grow till they form a solid massive pillar about two feet in diameter, the nucleus of the whole being a simple wooden post, some six inches by three in section. . . . During dense fog they will often grow at the rate of fully two feet a day.<sup>1</sup> Any attempt to preserve the insulation of electrical instruments exposed to such conditions is obviously hopeless, and the many ingenious self-recording meteorological instruments used at lower levels, or under more favourable conditions, are useless. Specially devised anemometers have been placed on the tower of the Observatory. During summer they work well, but in winter they are virtually useless owing to this accretion of snow crystals on them from the fog. This growth rapidly chokes the louvres of the thermometer screens; if the temperature is low the crystals are loose and easily brushed off; but if near the freezing-point the crystals are hard and icy, and adhere firmly, needing to be chipped off. This difficulty with the thermometer screen has been overcome by using duplicate screens. . . . The screens are placed, in winter time, on a high stand shaped like a ladder, so that the instruments can be put stage by stage higher up as the snow gets deeper, and may always be about four feet above the surface of the snow."

"Silver thaw" is a term which is applied to rain which *freezes as it falls*, and in most places silver thaw may be deemed phenomenal, as it arises from an inversion of the natural order of things. If it occurs, it is caused by temperature somewhere above being *higher* than temperature down below, the rule being that temperature diminishes as we ascend. When it happens, everything may become temporarily cased in solid ice—walls, trees, railings, as well as the ground. Locomotion or work of any sort out of doors under these circumstances is extremely difficult. I well remember when I was a kid feeling a most improper joy on these occasions at witnessing the struggles of policemen to keep on their legs, and seeing them compelled to feel their way along the gutters. In London I have only known two cases of silver thaw in the course of the last thirty years. Such occurrences cease to be phenomenal when they happen frequently, and upon our Ben they are common. From 1885 to 1890 there were 198 instances of rain freezing as it fell, and more than 90 per cent. of them were when temperature was hovering about the freezing-point ( $28^{\circ}$  to  $31.9^{\circ}$  F.). Mr. Mossman says that a

prolonged silver thaw on the top of Ben Nevis is eminently unpleasant. "Outside objects became covered with several inches of solid uncrystallised ice, through which their original outline could be but faintly distinguished. The chimneys of the Observatory became choked with ice, and, as the ladder leading to them was in these circumstances impassable, the whole being frozen into a solid mass, the observers had to endure the discomforts of back draughts till a thaw came, when the ladder could be cleared without destroying the woodwork. The rain froze on the observers' coats, gloves, and even on their faces, and thus the taking of outside observations was very disagreeable."<sup>2</sup>

And now as to wind. The summit of our Ben catches every wind that blows. The worst are in winter, and it is estimated that they sometimes travel over the top at the rate of 120 miles per



MR. R. T. OMOND,  
SUPERINTENDENT, BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.

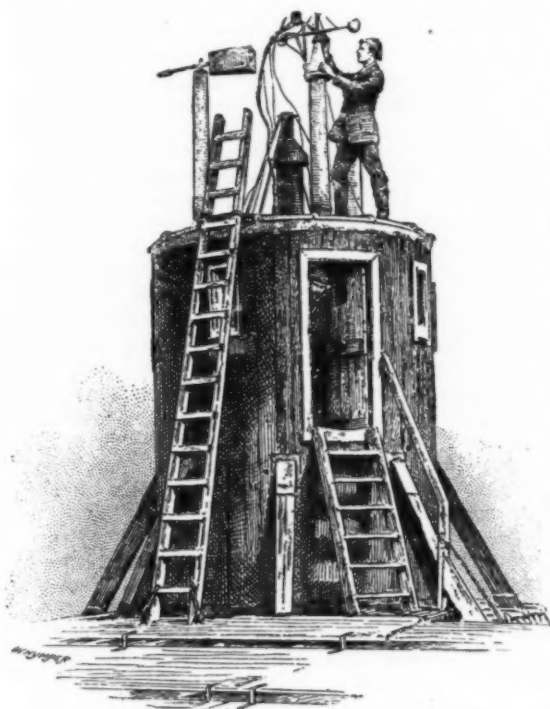
hour. During February and March "it is not uncommon to have south-easterly gales blowing for three or four days continuously at the rate of 80 to 100 miles per hour. From February 15 to 21, 1885, a storm blew without intermission from the south-east (except on the 20th and 21st, when it occasionally veered to south and south-south-west), and tore along during all that time at the mean rate of 75 miles an hour (sometimes rising to 88 or falling to 65). On the night of the 21st "all outside observing was stopped for fifteen hours." It was impossible to stand or even to crawl to windward, and the most carefully shielded lantern was blown out at once.

The most frequent wind is north, and its mean temperature is nearly  $5^{\circ}$  below freezing-point. South-west, south-east, and south are about equal. "At first, when the surface was icy and the wind very strong, the observers used to go out roped together, but experience has shown that even in the most violent gusts safety may be always got by

<sup>1</sup> "On one occasion, during the winter of 1884-5, a post 4 inches square grew into a slab of crystalline snow of about 5 feet broad and 1 foot thick in less than a week."—*Buchan*.

<sup>2</sup> It will not surprise anyone to learn, as silver thaw occurs through an inversion of the natural order of things, that it is somewhat intimately connected with bad weather.

lying down, and the rope is now seldom used except when it is necessary to go to very exposed places. . . . In steady winds the angle at which the observer leans in order to keep his footing



SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE ANEMOMETER.

becomes a valuable factor in estimating the wind-force." Indeed, this method of estimating the force and rate of the wind seems better than trusting to the anemometer, which from one cause and another is frequently getting out of order.

Life at the top of Ben Nevis is by no means all *coulour de rose*, though there are periods, no doubt, when the residents have some compensation for their labours and hardships. If fine weather reigns on the top of the Ben, life there, as on other mountain summits, is extremely enjoyable. In December 1883 "a succession of storms poured down rain and snow all day and every day, but at

Christmas a sudden change set in. As if by magic, the fog that had been enveloping the hill-top sunk below it, leaving a cloudless sky. For nearly a fortnight everything underneath was buried in fog or thick haze, while the top of Ben Nevis remained clear, and the air intensely dry. The sky overhead gleamed with wonderful colours, seen not merely at sunrise and sunset, as at lower levels, but all the day long." These happy occasions are few and far between, and it is scarcely too much to say that the normal life of observers is a perpetual round of discomfort and self-denial. Their diversions are principally confined to assisting exhausted tourists, or to answering such questions as "Will you please show us the instruments that calculate weather forecasts?" Occasionally they have almost too much society—at other times none. Taking one year with another about 4,000 persons arrive on top. Sometimes a considerable number of persons congregate there even at Christmas; in other years no one can go—the ascent is impossible. The man who looks after the road *endeavours* to pay a visit during winter at intervals of a week or ten days, but bad weather may prevent him from going for five or six weeks at a time. Hence it is found advisable to keep several months' provisions in hand, and plum-puddings are sent up in September.

A large amount of valuable information has been accumulating at the two Observatories during the last ten years, but as the time of the members of the very limited staff is so much absorbed by the inexorable hourly records and daily routine, there is little opportunity to work out their results and to compare them with those obtained at other stations. Either more hands are needed or means should be devised for economising their time. The employment of "self-registering" thermometers at the summit, it has been pointed out, is impracticable, but this is not the case with barometers, and it is highly desirable that a self-recording barometer of the first class should be installed on the summit, giving a continuous trace of the changes in atmospheric pressure. The necessary expense would be trifling compared with the results which might be expected to ensue, and the value of the immediate relief which it would afford to the overtasked observers. A person with money to spare has an opportunity here to render a public service, and at the same time do a kindly action by giving the chance of a leisure hour to some martyrs to science.

## SIMPKIN'S.

**H**OW do the books reach the country bookseller? The popular notion is that he gets them direct from the different London publishers by separate applications; but a moment's thought will show that he is hardly likely to write so many separate orders and deal with so many different parcels if he can obtain his goods at once from some wholesale house which will send him his daily or weekly order complete.

That house exists in Stationers' Hall Court. Its history goes back for seventy years or more; owing to amalgamations it is without a rival; and it is practically the centre of the book trade. The dealings of the London publishers with this house are enormous; there is one firm we know of whose account with it measures yards in length, and the accounts of some of its country customers are almost as long.

There are many books that do not go to Stationers' Hall to have their copyright registered; there are hardly any that do not go to Simpkin & Marshall's opposite on the first day they are "subscribed" by the trade. And thus it is that there is no house in the world in which so many different kinds of books are kept in stock, and none in which the pulse of current literature is better known. For Simpkin's is not only a wholesale house for the country but for the town as well.

One had often wondered how such a huge establishment was organised, and how it came about that almost any book in print could be had for the asking in two or three minutes; and when, on inquiry, a courteous invitation was received to come and see—an invitation never given to an outsider before—it need scarcely be said that a prompt acceptance was the result.

Simpkin's is a big place with "work writ large" in every corner of it. The town department is a spacious shop not unlike a parcels office, the windows lighting it all down one side, a door being at each end. In front of the long, rough counter are the clamouring collectors, each with his book and his canvas bag. The bag, like a huge pillow-case, is lumped on to the counter, the book opened with a jerk, and a string of short titles read out in a sing-song to one of the dozens of men in attendance. If the list be brief, the collector waits in his place to bandy jokes with his neighbours; if it be lengthy, he retires to sit in one of the windows with his bag by his side, waiting, and sometimes sleeping, until his turn shall come. There we will leave him in a state of repose, contrasting markedly with the activity of which he has been the cause.

Behind the scenes the "looker-out" in charge of the order is rushing about a series of mazes which, as stores and supply-rooms, extend, floor above floor, from the cellar to the attic. The paths of these

mazes are about a yard wide. The partition walls are double pigeon-holes crammed with books.

In the supply-rooms the volumes are all on their sides with the top edge turned outwards; each variety with a label thrust in under the top cover; most of them single copies; many in twos and threes; and some of them in swarms. Each of these mazes has been called a "town" of books, and a town it is, with narrow streets and lofty buildings, the families living thick in the flats, with none of the flats to let, for every space is filled within the day the vacancy occurs. So closely are the books packed that in a single pigeon-hole there may be a dozen varieties, over 120,000 varieties being the average stock, the number of sorts in the pigeon-hole depending, of course, on the number of copies of each, which in turn depends on the average daily sale.

The book-bins rise from floor to ceiling and are worked on both faces, the "streets" of the supply stock running in alphabetical order, while those overhead in the warehouse run numerically. The books are first grouped in sizes; and from the sizes the streets of the maze are named, the larger and more expensive volumes, like the "royals" and "imperials," being lodged in the suburbs, the centre of the town being occupied by the handier and cheaper "foolscaps" and "crowns." "Crown Octavo Street" has the most families in it, that being the present most popular size, although the designation, like that of the rest of the series, is purely conventional, for a modern octavo is really a "sixteen" or a "thirty-two," just as a "quarto" is really an octavo, and a "folio" a quarto, the result in all cases of the increase in size of our printing machines. This, however, by the way; enough be it for us, and the collector, that every size and class of book is within easy reach.

In area the volumes range from Johnston's "Cosmographic Atlas," measuring some twenty inches by sixteen, down to the Religious Tract Society's "Small Rain on the Tender Herb," which is the size of a penny postage-stamp. In bulk and value they range from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," in twenty-four volumes at £43 4s. per set, down to the halfpenny school map, of which a single copy is not unfrequently ordered at a time. In fulness of information and density of type they range from the "London Directory" down to that champion "seller," "What the Liberals Have Done," which contains the very smallest amount of printed matter ever put into a political skit—and that is saying a good deal, for such pamphlets generally have "very little in them," even from a bookseller's point of view.

Of course there have been exceptions; among



them "Dame Europa's School," the most successful political pamphlet ever written. Mr. Pullen would have taken £5 for it when he offered it; but Simpkin's do not produce books, they only deal with them as manufactured articles; and the Salisbury cleric had, like other pamphleteers, to produce the pamphlet at his own expense. It was printed at Salisbury, the name of the London wholesale house being associated on the title-page with that of the local publisher, according to a common custom. During the first week, that ending October 28, 1870, a hundred copies were sold; next week another hundred went; then the sale began to rise, to two hundred a week, three hundred a week; then the Salisbury printer could not keep pace with the demand, and a Londoner was employed, and then another London printer, so that three presses were going on the job. In January 56,000 were printed and sold; in February 100,000; in March, when the demand began to die out, over 200,000 copies had gone altogether, in addition to the French and German translations.

These were busy days in Stationers' Hall Court; but the best on record there is the publishing day of O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile" in 1822, when the would-be purchasers were so numerous that they stood in a long file like a crowd at a French theatre, the file stretching on to Ludgate Hill, and passing along the court through the old building out into Amen Corner. That old building was pulled down in 1859, and while the present premises were rising, Simpkin's warehoused their books in Stationers' Hall, and conducted their business under the plane-tree like the *stationarii* of old.

The business has grown considerably since then, for even during the last sixteen years the stock ledgers have doubled, the increase being, of course, chiefly due to the increase in the number of works in the market. The new house was built to suit the system, the bins of the supply-rooms being made for the sizes of the volumes, while those of the warehouse above were larger, so as to hold the brown-paper parcels in which the reserves are kept. These parcels are classified in a series of numbered alphabets, but in the supply-rooms a simpler system prevails. The streets are in sizes, as we have seen; and in every street the volumes are arranged alphabetically, fiction going under the title of the book, biography under the name of the person written about, and other works under the name of the writer.

When the country orders arrive in the morning, the size is marked against each item, as it is in some cases with town orders over the counter, and this size leads the looker-out to the street, for the alphabet to do the rest for him. And a lively time he has running up and down the streets, and up and down the "trees," as the ladders are called without which he could not reach the top rows. The house "takes" at least some of about nine-tenths of the books published, but it does not hold them for ever; it only keeps the live ones in stock, and if a book is wanted that was "passed" when published, or has been dropped as being too slow a mover, it is, if possible, obtained for a country

customer, while a town customer has to find it for himself, the name of the actual publisher being in nearly all cases known without reference to the referees, who are supposed to be familiar with every edition of every new and reprint book in the market.

These are the men who know the pulse of literature as judged by its sale; and surprising enough are their experiences. The book-trade has its season like all things else. In September the sales begin to rise, to drop a little in mid-November, and rise again until they touch their maximum in the week before Christmas. That is the great period of presentation, when books are bought, not to read, but to give away. Early in January the decline is enormous, but at the close a rise occurs, due to the educational works required by the schools. Down go books again until Lent. Then it is that the women betake themselves to the *Imitatio* and its crowd of imitators, by way of amend for their excursions into the doubtful and suggestive. The coincidence is too striking to be overlooked; whenever there is a boom of an "advanced" novel in November, there is a greater run than ordinary on "devotionals" in the following Lent. During Holy Week the sale of Lenten literature thins out, and by the Thursday is utterly lost amid a crowd of guides and holiday hand-books. During Easter week the stream of outdoor books continues to flow, and "educational" rise for the schools, but week by week, though the outdoor stream runs strong all through the holiday months, the book-sales drop until the opening of the chief publishing season in September.

"Bread-and-cheese books"—those from which something is learnt either compulsorily or as a means of money-making—are the backbone of the book-selling trade. School-books have long lives, the fathers recommending them to the sons as familiar friends. Mangnall's Questions, the triumph of a lady who began as a poetess, is still in full career; Walkingame's Arithmetic, Butler's Spelling, Cornwell's Geography, and all that sort of thing that one would have thought to be at least sub-fossil, are still hale and hearty. Ready reckoners are hardy perennials; so are the dictionaries with nothing of Johnson about them but the name. Technical manuals of a higher class flourish for a long time, when once they get a footing, which is not an easy thing to do. In short, the books that sell best are those of which "the world" hears least.

Some books are planned with a view to a long, steady life. There is one work on record on which £20,000 were sunk, and it was not until after twenty years that the twenty-first thousand pounds was received for it. Such a work as "The Dictionary of National Biography" is as much of an investment as a purchase of land to ripen for building purposes. Great ventures in biography have, however, not always been successful. There was one dictionary which ended at A, and wiped out the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, whose admirable "Penny Cyclopædia" was also a commercial failure. Some of the encyclopædias, however, have been great successes,

notably the first of them, that projected by Longmans, on which Diderot and the rest modelled theirs in France. This work was written by Ephraim Chambers, but is now better known as Rees's, after a subsequent editor, to distinguish it from the present excellent Chambers's, of the well-known Scotch firm.

Another encyclopædia, the "Britannica," furnishes a curious example of the growth of a successful work. It first came out in weekly numbers, being planned and written in 1771 by William Smellie, and issued by Bell and MacFarquhar. Smellie had £200 for the literary matter, and, on his declining to have anything to do with the second edition on the same terms, the editing was given to James Tytler, who brought the scientific articles more or less up to date and added the biographies. The pay was anything but princely. Tytler lodged at a washerwoman's, and wrote on a tub turned upside down; the copy being paid for as received, the children who were sent to the publishers with a daily batch of it had to buy the food with the proceeds as they came home. In this thrifty manner the second edition was accomplished in 1776. On much the same lines the much enlarged third edition was completed in 1797—Tytler's meals consisting generally of cold potatoes, the proprietors' profits being £42,000. The work being now a prosperous property could afford to pay more for its editorship—particularly as Tytler was dead and no one else would undertake the job on cold-potato terms—and Professor James Millar edited the fourth edition. Then Archibald Constable bought the copyright, and brought out the fifth edition in a very different style, under Macvey Napier. In 1829, after Constable's death, the copyright was bought by the Blacks, who issued the seventh edition in 1830 in monthly parts; this was also edited by Napier, and the contributors received £22,500! Since then there have been two editions, each more extensive in scope and more remunerative to those concerned in their production.

Books of this sort are built to last, and the money sunk on them appears in the publisher's accounts as an asset, but there are other books that are looked upon as mere ephemerals, and have all their cost charged to the year's expenditure. Of this class novels form the bulk, and a novel that lasts the year through is an exceptionally fortunate one. This year the fashionable price is six shillings, and the fashionable subject the superiority of woman; a year or so ago the religious novel was all the rage; "adventures," "socialistics," "East-enders," "West-enders"—all have had their turn to rise and roll over into remainders that end as pulp. The moribund "three-volumer" hardly troubles the trade, for it goes chiefly to the lending-libraries, and a sale of three hundred brings the publisher home in peace. Now and then a conspicuous person may secure a direct public demand for a three-volumer, but it is not often, and the bookseller usually suffers in the end, as he did with Beaconsfield's "Endymion," which went down ingloriously among the "overboughts," as if it had been a Jubilee book.

Another form of fiction on the down-grade is the paper-covered shilling shocker, which began its career with "Called Back," that remarkable work which failed at sixpence and succeeded at a shilling, owing to some one connected with a "Society" paper having said that he was unable to go to sleep until he had read it—perhaps the best case on record of a book getting out of the ruck by a good review; for though a bad notice may damage a book, a good one is powerless to help it if it does not get it talked about at dinners and garden-parties and other social functions.

Also among the ephemerals are the works of the poets in a small way who seek their fame in small editions, the bulk of which go as presentation copies to fellow-poets on a round of mutual review. These volumes are almost unknown to the whole-sale bookseller; the poets the trade delights in are the classics whom the world claimed for its own as soon as they were out of copyright. Shakspeare, for instance, is perennial, and seems to sell more than all the rest of the poets put together. Every new edition is sure to go off, providing it is in some way different from another, the latest success being that of each play in a limp pocket volume, which bids fair to rival the run of the first pocket series which was brought out by John Bell when the century began. Thousands and thousands of pounds must have been earned in editing Shakspeare, though some of the editors had hard times. There was Gay, for example, who edited the plays for £35 17s. 6d., while Whalley actually did the job at 6s. 8d. a play! One wonders how they could have read the proofs at the price.

Next to Shakspeare the most popular poet is Milton, whose sale in some eighty forms is actually rather greater than that of Tennyson. Milton had £5 for his small three-shilling quarto, and his widow secured an extra £13, which was probably all the copyright was worth, for the public, even in those days, did not take kindly to modern epics. It is only when poetical works get famous enough to give away that "there is money in them." Dryden got £1,300 for his rendering of Virgil, which still sells, though the rest of his works are nearly dead. Pope got over £8,000 for his "Iliad" and "Odyssey," which are very much alive.

Simpkin's were Tennyson's first publishers, the "Poems by Two Brothers," issued in 1827, having their name on the title-page associated with that of the Jacksons of Louth, who produced the book in exactly the same way as Brown of Salisbury produced "Dame Europa's School," and whatever sale there was came through Stationers' Hall Court. Never was there a living poet with so many publishers as the late laureate. One of his early ventures was actually published by Effingham Wilson, of the Royal Exchange, and laboured heavily amid the interest tables and other manuals of bitter fact. But from the first, Tennyson was lucky, being very different from Browning, who did not sell a dozen copies till he took to dining out. Even now, Tennyson is the most popular poet on the list, barring Shakspeare and Milton, while Browning is among the lesser lights.

Longfellow is another poet in much demand in

town and country; Cowper, too, goes steadily; so does Hood. Wordsworth, who only made £140 out of his poetry in twenty-six years, is now high in favour. Rogers, who was to have been laureate at Wordsworth's death, and whose refusal of the honour gave Tennyson his chance, is now rarely asked for. Chatterton has not yet come to a standstill, and though Chatterton died of poverty, it may be as well to remember that his niece, thanks to the Longmans, made £600 out of the sale of his poems. Moore still keeps up well; but then he was always among the fortunates, for did he not receive £3,000 in advance for "a poem the length of 'Rokeby,'" and retire to write it—"Ialla Rookh"—amid the snowy solitudes of Derbyshire, so as to be more keenly appreciative of tropical warmth? With him goes Byron; and a long way better than both goes Scott, who ranges next below Tennyson in poetry and above everybody else in prose.

Good old Sir Walter! A genuine man of genuine work whom all the booksellers worship! There are few finer stories than that of how he worked to clear himself from the debt that the crisis of 1826 brought on him. When he died he owed £54,000, and this was just wiped off, for he had £2,000 in hand, his life was insured for £22,000 and Cadell advanced £30,000 on the "Waverleys," etc., to clear the balance. And all that £30,000 and more did the sales realise, for they ran to something like 80,000 sets of the novels, and over 40,000 poems, with 64,000 sundries; and when Cadell died his representatives in 1851 got £27,000 from the Blacks for the unexpired copyrights! These have now mostly run out except in notes and introductions, and besides the Blacks, there are quite a score of publishers, each with a Scott of his own.

Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Macaulay, all the great writers of the century, have kept on the move week by week since they have gone out of copyright; for reprints are what the people read, or rather what they put on their bookshelves. Even Thomson's "Seasons" is in the selling list, and that is the most famous book in the trade, for over it the reprint battle was fought and won. Till Alexander Donaldson reprinted it in 1771, twenty-three years after the poet's death, it was held that the copyright of a work remained for ever with those to whom it had been transferred, that it was in fact perpetual; but Donaldson fought an action over the "Seasons" in the courts of law and procured the decision that threw the copyright open to all after a stated number of years. Donaldson is called "the pioneer of cheap literature"; it was his son who succeeded him that built Donaldson's Hospital at Edinburgh. London also has its hospital founded by a publisher, that of John Guy, who made a competence out of Bibles "printed in Holland," and realised a fortune out of South Sea Stock, being one of the many who made money in the "bubble" time, and said nothing about it; while those out of whom the money was made were left bewailing, as were the publishers of original works when the Donaldson decision went against them.

The increasing crowds of reprints make new books more and more difficult of sale. The bookseller knows that he is sure to get rid of a "classic" in the long run, but there is always a risk with a new book, even though it be by a living author. Hence the bulk of his stock consists of "standard literature," and hundreds of new books are published that really never have a chance, owing to there being no room for them on the bookseller's shelves; for it is from the shelves, and not in stray copies procured to order, that the bulk of distribution is done. The chances of the survival of a book during the critical period of its infancy thus yearly grow less; the publisher may have hopes of it, the wholesale bookseller may try it, but it will rarely move unless the travellers can be got to believe in it sufficiently to persuade the booksellers to have it ready for the public to buy. And even then it may happen that, though it may have passed every obstacle on the way to the bookseller's shelf, it will be there "as dead as travels," unasked for and unsaleable even at a reduction, notwithstanding advertisements and laudatory reviews. Thus it has come about that the ordinary country bookseller has adopted the *Vox populi, vox Dei* theory, and calls "good" only the books that sell. As the wholesaler exists for the retailer's convenience, it is the "good" books in this sense that crowd his pigeon-holes; a slackening demand is shown at once by the dust on the top copy, and when the dust becomes noticeable the work is removed to make room for a successor.

The principle is, of course, to complete the orders at the least inconvenience, and it would never do to have to send out every day for a book that is running, while another is cumbering the shelves. The orders are miscellaneous enough, though not so much so as they were in the past, when the house were practically general agents for their country customers. Every regular customer has a pigeon-hole to himself on one of the floors, in which his goods are placed as they are collected from the supply-rooms or from the outside. To save mistakes as to books not being in their places, the looker-out who takes the last copy has to drop the label into a box at the end of the street from which he has taken it, and all day long the man and boys in charge of the group of streets attend to these labels and keep the bins filled from the reserves above.

In the course of such an important and varied business a large amount of inconvenient humour is naturally produced, the titles of books lending themselves easily to this result. A few examples, casually collected from an almost inexhaustible supply, will illustrate the difficulty sometimes experienced in supplying the works really required by customers. Here is a gentleman who orders *Harry Strodles Masterpiece* evidently after mishearing something about Aristotle. Here is another man who wants an almanack without the *Epidermis*, *Ephemeris* proving too much for him. Here is another who considers Cæsar to have been a sort of General Booth, and orders his *Salvation Wars* as descriptive of the little Helvetian affair. A lady, anxious to read "Colonel Enderby's Wife," orders *The Eternal End of his Wife*; another



wants *Thomas's Imitation of Kempis*; another, *Coleridge's Engineering Spirit*. One man, anxious to obtain Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," orders *In the Garden*, and another, desirous of reading "How I reached the Masses," actually orders *How I roasted Moses*. Of a different class are the people who send up a torn-out page and want a copy of the book in which it appeared, a trying but gratifying example of trust in the extensive knowledge of the wholesale bookseller. Curiosities of the letter-bag there are in plenty of the usual type; in some the whole bill-head is copied; in others the firm is assumed to be in the trade to which the book wanted refers; in others the address is of the wildest, like that the envelope of which bore—

*Simpkin Marshall,  
Hamilton,  
Kent;*

which went first to Maidstone and then to Hamilton, N.B., whence it found its way to London.

In the past there used to be a great rush of business on "magazine day." It was on a magazine day that Baldwin & Cradock failed in 1837, and Simpkin & Marshall worked for three days and three nights consecutively to get their parcels out for them and thus secure the whole of the country agencies. But now it is magazine day almost all the month round, with an increase of pressure on the 25th, when matters are inclined to be lively, or when a Christmas number goes out as did Pears' last year, the edition of which that came into the warehouse having weighed 195 tons. This is large, but then weights run large in the wholesale book trade, particularly in a house which orders its brown paper for packing by the twenty tons at a time.

W. J. GORDON.

## THE NOBLE LIFE OF MARY HEMENWAY.

IT has been well said—by whom we do not remember—that "no one ought to be rich except those who know how." The record of one great and good wealthy American woman proves, like that of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, that it is possible to "know how." The day on which the noble life of Mrs. Mary Hemenway was brought to a close was a sad one for humanity and America, and one that will long be remembered in the cultured capital of Massachusetts, which became the adopted home of Mary Tileston, of New York City, on her marriage with Augustus Hemenway, one of the merchant princes of Boston.

Her death was indeed a calamity, for she was engaged in all the best enterprises of education, of science, of fine art, and of practical philanthropy. Every public work which was worth helping was sure of her keen sympathy and liberal aid; and "no one but the Recording Angel," to quote the touching words of Dr. Edward Everett Hale in the "Boston Commonwealth," "can tell how many homes which would have been haggard and hungry have been made cheerful and glad by her almost omnipresent tenderness."

Self-effacing, so far as was possible, and averse to all unnecessary publicity, we can offer no portrait of the personal individuality of this great-hearted and large-minded woman; for in life she always objected to its publication, and it would ill become those who respect and cherish her memory to nullify her expressed desire. We know that her bearing was full of stately dignity. Her kind, shrewd face, in later life framed in silvery hair, was one in which enthusiasm and benevolence seemed tempered by mental foresight and far-sightedness, and gave indications of the strong common sense which characterised all the enterprises she started

and kept going throughout a long life for the benefit of humanity and the good of her country.

The success which attended Mrs. Hemenway's efforts in various directions was due largely to the enthusiasm and affection with which she inspired all those she selected to aid her. It was fostered, no doubt, by the generous way in which she gave them full credit for the results of their efforts. All her selected paid agents were regarded as associates in her works. Individually she wished the work and not the workers to be publicly discussed, but this feeling applied to herself alone. The administrative details of the plans she had conceived and launched were left to her well-chosen assistants, and to them she acknowledged her indebtedness, at all times and in all places, and consequently this gifted and energetic woman was loved and obeyed with enthusiastic devotion.

Mary Hemenway was the daughter of Thomas Tileston, one of the merchant princes of New York City, from whom she inherited wealth and business capacity. She married Augustus Hemenway, one of the foremost business men of Boston and the owner of large silver-mines in South America. The health of her husband failed in middle life, and for many years his wife directed his extensive commercial affairs. She was left a widow more than ten years ago. They had four children. A son, Augustus Hemenway, and two of her three daughters, now Mrs. Lewis Cabot and Mrs. W. E. C. Eustis, survive her.

Although not so wealthy as has been sometimes represented, Mrs. Hemenway controlled throughout life a very large income, the greater part of which, and all her own comparatively small personal capital, was spent for the public good. She was



remarkable alike for the simplicity of her home life at 40 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, and for the breadth and variety of her interests. She gave generously in many directions, and gave herself as well as of her wealth to well-devised schemes of benevolence. She held that it was the best charity which purified and directed the source, and therefore placed her chief reliance on the education and training of the young, both physical and mental. With her, character was more valued than attainments, and she did much to render the rising generation of Boston public-school girls fit to preside over homes of their own by initiating many reforms and advances in secondary and industrial education. The whole cost of such experiments was borne by her, until their value and public utility were recognised by those in authority.

Thus it was that Mrs. Hemenway was solely instrumental in introducing the teaching of cooking and domestic sewing into the general curriculum of the public schools of Boston. She fitted up a house with all the best appliances—a kitchen garden was attached to it—and maintained a staff of trained lecturers and assistants to teach the nature, uses, and cooking of food products to the girls of Boston, with such success that the Committee of Public Education took over her cooking school as they had her sewing classes, and instruction in both these industrial arts now forms part of the general course of education in the public schools of the city.

The same result, with even more extended consequences, followed from Mrs. Hemenway's later recognition of the need and value of physical training. She founded, fully equipped, and maintained "The Normal School of Gymnastics" in Boston, in order to train up a staff of teachers in the Ling system of Swedish gymnastics. This course was also subsequently introduced into the public schools, and the graduates of the "Normal School of Gymnastics" leave that institution fully instructed in the system, and able to direct similar courses in other cities and states of America. For the continued support of this work provision was made in her will.

"The Hillside Home," situated near her country house at Milton, was also founded and maintained by Mrs. Hemenway. From forty to fifty orphan boys there find a "home," and are trained in agricultural pursuits on the land attached to the institution.

Her philanthropy embraced all classes, regardless of colour or locality. At the close of the Civil War Mrs. Hemenway realised the total disorganisation of all educational sources in the impoverished Southern States, and she helped her friend Miss Bradley to found and maintain a training-school for teachers at Wilmington, North Carolina. It was named "The Thomas Tileston High School" in memory of Mrs. Hemenway's father. She also aided liberally General Armstrong's great enterprise for the amelioration of the condition of "the freedmen" of the South at the Hampton Institute, Virginia, and that of Boker Washington at the "Tuskagee School." She felt that universal suffrage must become a cultured suffrage, and endeavoured

in every way to foster a love of country among the descendants of an ever-increasing "alien" population.

So good a citizen as Mrs. Hemenway was naturally an ardent patriot. She arranged for the placing of a monument over the grave of Mary, the mother of Washington, and gave portraits of George and Martha Washington to one hundred and fifty schools. After the great fire at Boston in 1872, the question of the demolition of the "Old South Church" and absorption of the valuable grounds as a site for warehouses was seriously discussed. This "Old South Church" was built in 1729, was used as a place of meeting by the national heroes of "76," and was subsequently taken for a drilling-ground by the British soldiery. It was therefore a relic of Puritan life and times, and deserved preservation as an historic building.

Mrs. Hemenway gave 100,000 dollars towards the "Preservation Fund," and the remaining three-fourths of the balance was subscribed in various quarters. Her influence was wisely exercised in the control of the building, and it was certainly a happy thought on her part to use it as a centre for the preservation and propagation of a knowledge of national history among the growing generations of Boston. The "Old South" classes and lectures were formed and carried on at her expense. She gave prizes for essays on national historical subjects among the children and graduates of the city schools, and the "Boston Historical Society" was the outcome of her action. She encouraged and aided Mr. John Fiske and Professor Hosmer in their researches into American history, promoted the welfare of the "American Journal of Archaeology," of which Dr. Walter J. Fewkes is the director, and encouraged Mr. Paul Cushing in his researches among the Zuni Indians.

Mrs. Hemenway's recognition of the value of the prehistoric monuments and of prehistoric research was evinced in a truly munificent manner. She originated the famous Hemenway Exploration Expedition, and defrayed the whole cost of travel, excavations, the care of the valuable archaeological collections thus brought to light in South-Western Arizona, and provided for the publication of the results of the scientific investigation. This was "endowment of research" on the most comprehensive scale, and in this work she enlisted the services of some able and enthusiastic archaeologists.

One of the most promising members of the scientific staff was Miss Jeanette Webster Williams, a gifted archaeologist who was engaged in the care of the valuable "Hemenway Archaeological Collection of Prehistoric Antiquities." This amiable and talented woman was prematurely cut off by pneumonia, a great loss to science, a few months before Mrs. Hemenway's life was ended. Miss Williams had barely completed an original memoir, illustrated by her own finished water-colour sketches, of the "Orange Ware" of Tusayan in North-Eastern Arizona, from the ruined cities and burial-places of which it was exhumed by the Exploration Expedition. Mrs. Hemenway's collection of this ancient Indian pottery was the finest known, and

Miss Williams' memoir thereon was destined for publication in the "Journal of American Ethnology and Archæology." For the care of these valuable archæological treasures Mrs. Hemenway has also provided in her will, as well as the subsidy for the specialist staff for the period of time necessary for the due completion and publication of their researches.

Mary Hemenway was richly endowed with wisdom, wealth, and love, and devoted all to the benefit of humanity. She has left a splendid example, and if the spirit in which this "gracious lady" held and used her gifts and resources could be spread among all classes, we should hear less of the strained relations of rich and poor. It has been truly said that she constructed for herself "a dialect of deeds," and deeds speak louder than

words. She was not specially eloquent, but accomplished her work "without the often wearisome adjuncts of argument and aggression, without being clothed with any official power, without the backing of any organisation, almost without the intervention of a committee—all by the power of her gracious personality."

Mrs. Hemenway made her last appearance at the commemorative celebration of Washington's birthday at the Old South Church she had helped to preserve for the city of Boston. She passed away on March 6, 1894, aged seventy-five years—"the personal friend of half Boston and the benefactor of the nation." Of her private benevolence "the tale is but half told." Many will rise up and call her blessed; for the influence of Mary Hemenway's noble life will be felt for generations.

AGNES CRANE.

### CAST AWAY ON ANTIPODES ISLAND.

IN June and July, 1889, there appeared in this journal two illustrated articles by Mr. Harry Armstrong, called "In Search of Lost Sailors." They told the story of the *General Grant* on the Auckland Islands, in the Southern Ocean, near New Zealand, in 1866, and narrated particulars of the writer's cruise in search of castaways to those islands, and all the other uninhabited groups belonging geographically to New Zealand, amongst others Antipodes Island. Since then that island has become better known, as it is visited at least twice a year by the steamer *Hinemoa*, Captain Fairchild, which the New Zealand Government humanely sends there, and to the Snares, Auckland Islands, Campbell Island, and Bounty Islands, on this errand.

Though we may suspect that ships running from Australia, New Zealand, and even India, towards South America and the Horn have occasionally been lost at Antipodes Island, no trace of one has ever been found. It was therefore a great surprise to Captain Fairchild on November 30 last, when he approached the land from the south, to see a strange flagstaff standing on the coast, and beside it a man. To his numerous passengers, including nine ladies, who had braved these rough seas for the novelty of visiting these interesting uninhabited lands, it was a moment of great excitement. As the Government maintain a food depôt in a comfortable cottage a mile and a half from where the man was seen, Captain Fairchild at once steamed round to his usual landing at the hut; but on arriving there he was still more surprised to find that nobody had visited it since he was last there. When steaming back to the spot and sending in a boat, he found awaiting him in intense anxiety on a shelf of rock, which did duty for a beach, eleven live men, including two lads, one of whom, a Rangoon Eurasian, was

unable to walk, while all the others were in perfect health.

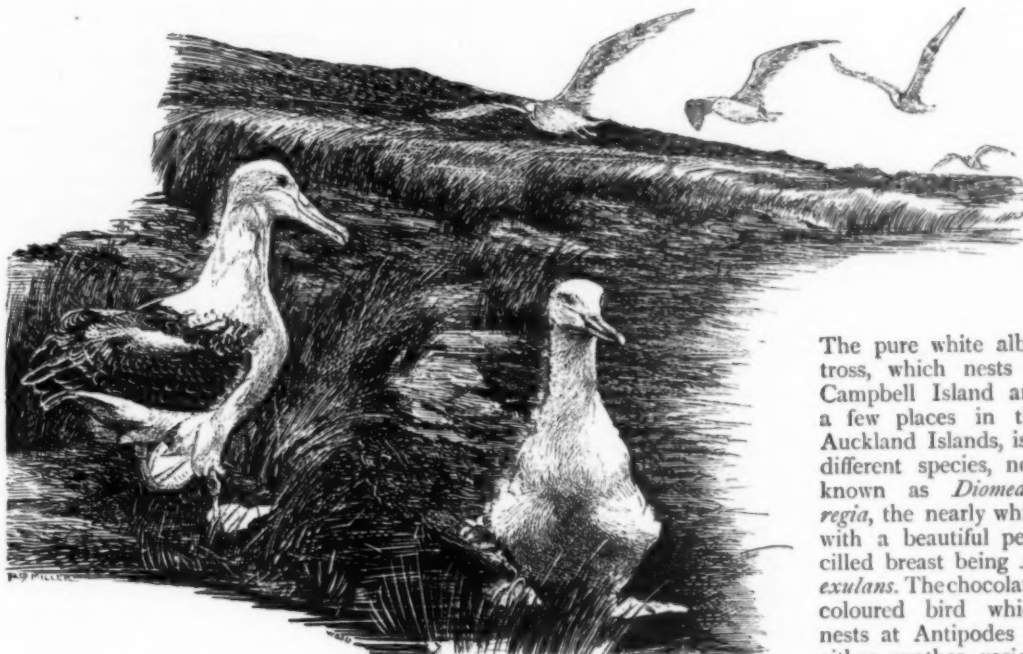
Their tale was soon told. The iron barque, *Spirit of Dawn*, of Liverpool, bound from Rangoon to a Chilian port, had struck this island while beating against easterlies at four in the morning of September 4. She at once began to fill, and all hands were ordered into the mizzen rigging, but not before lifebelts were handed out. There was no time to launch boats, and in fifteen minutes her decks were under water, when the lifeboat floated off with two men in her. They called on the crew to jump into the water, and picked them up as fast as they could. So fast did the vessel sink that the main brace caught the boat and would have towed her under but that the regulation hatchet was in her, and with this the rope was severed. The captain to the last was giving orders as to getting the boat clear and saving the men, when the sudden sinking of the vessel carried him down with the carpenter and three others. Of the good Captain Millington and these four men not a trace was ever seen again, and subsequent soundings showed that the ship had sunk in deep water. The boat was properly equipped, and though she drifted away through the fog the men were able to pull back to the island by three P.M., where they effected a landing on the rocks near the scene of the wreck, of which not a scrap ever became visible to the castaways.

As I have visited the island, I will describe it before narrating the life of the men during the next eighty-seven days. It was discovered by Pendleton, an American whaler, in 1800, and is sometimes called Penantipodes, being only approximately antipodal to Greenwich. Captain Fairchild places it lat. 49° 50' 53" S., long. 178°

43° E. This brings it about opposite the old port of Barfleur in Normandy. It is lozenge-shaped, with its long axis south-west to north-east, and is at the outside three miles long by two broad, and probably contains from 1,500 to 2,000 acres. It is surrounded by an unbroken line of steep

kinds of gulls and petrels, as well as the nelly and other sea-birds.

The albatrosses are most interesting; they generally nest on the high land; they are here dark-coloured, while at other islands they are nearly white. This is not quite explained yet.



ALBATROSSES, CAMPBELL ISLAND.

The pure white albatross, which nests at Campbell Island and a few places in the Auckland Islands, is a different species, now known as *Diomedea regia*, the nearly white with a beautiful pencilled breast being *D. exulans*. The chocolate-coloured bird which nests at Antipodes is either another variety or a younger bird. It is ascertained that they

basaltic cliffs, here and there capable of being scaled. In most places these rise sheer from the water, at others they are broken by small ledges and reefs. Above the line of cliffs the island consists of rather swampy land, covered with a heavy growth of "tussock" grass, sedge, ferns, and herbaceous plants, the heaviest of this being the sedge with a thick stem three feet high, known in New Zealand as "Maori head." The vegetation is generally similar to that of New Zealand, with the addition of some, but not all, of the beautiful sub-arctic plants characteristic of the Auckland and Campbell Islands. *Stilbocarpa polaris*, a handsome foliage plant allied to ivy, and *Ligusticum antipodum*, allied to fennel, are among these, while among the grass is seen a pretty little gentian with bright lilac flowers, and on the hills a rare form of *Pleurophyllum*, with beautiful cineraria-like flowers. A beautiful little snipe, smaller than a thrush, is found, a ground lark, and two kinds of parrakeets, one of which exists nowhere else in the world. These are probably the only land birds; they are peculiar in this, that instinct teaches them to fly very little and very low, lest they should be blown off this speck of land, never to return. They are really in process of losing their power of flight. The rest of the birds are sea-birds. Here the great albatross nests; these are found in immense numbers, as we had found them at the Auckland and Campbell Islands. Here, too, nest numerous

grow lighter in colour as they grow older, but the lighter birds do not nest here. I found the albatrosses on the summit of Mount Galloway in swarms. Once they settle they show no inclination to move; indeed, it is probable that during the nesting season they lose their power of flight. One may walk among them as through a farmyard. At this time they were busy digging mud and grass with their beaks wherewith to build their nests.

On looking lengthways through the island its geography appears simple. On the right or north is a range of hills, the highest 500 feet. On the left or south is another very low range. This is connected with Mount Galloway, 1,300 feet high, which lies beyond it, by a low saddle. Between these ranges is a swampy flat traversed by two streams, one running each way to the shore. The scene of the wreck was on the seaward side of this low saddle.

It was not above an hour's walk from it to the summit of Mount Galloway, nor was it two miles in distance from the boat landing. The mate of the *Hinemoa*, accustomed to traverse this rough country, walked there and back in two hours. At this landing is the food depôt, yet it was never discovered by the castaways. It is difficult to account for their failing minutely to explore their island, but they explained that with their insufficient supply of clothing they thought they had better avoid risks and stay where they had a natural food supply.



The travelling is certainly rough and uncomfortable. Thus they remained for eighty-eight days without a fire, living on raw penguin at first, and then on penguin's eggs, with unknown supplies of comfortable clothing, food, cooking utensils, matches, fishing-lines, and all sorts of comforts, close at hand.

The food evidently agreed with them, for when I saw them in Dunedin they were in excellent condition. Singularly enough, too, there were sheep and cows on the island which they never saw.

As it was impossible to pull up their boat, they lost it the first night. Their greatest hardship was want of fire and clothing, as some of them had escaped only half clad. The Rangoon boy lost his toes through the cold; he was certainly not frost-bitten, as the cold is really not very great, though the climate is raw and damp. They made huts by piling up the rough sedge grass into a wall against an overhanging cliff, and so managed to keep tolerably dry and comfortable. They showed some ingenuity, making caps of skins and needles of albatross bones.

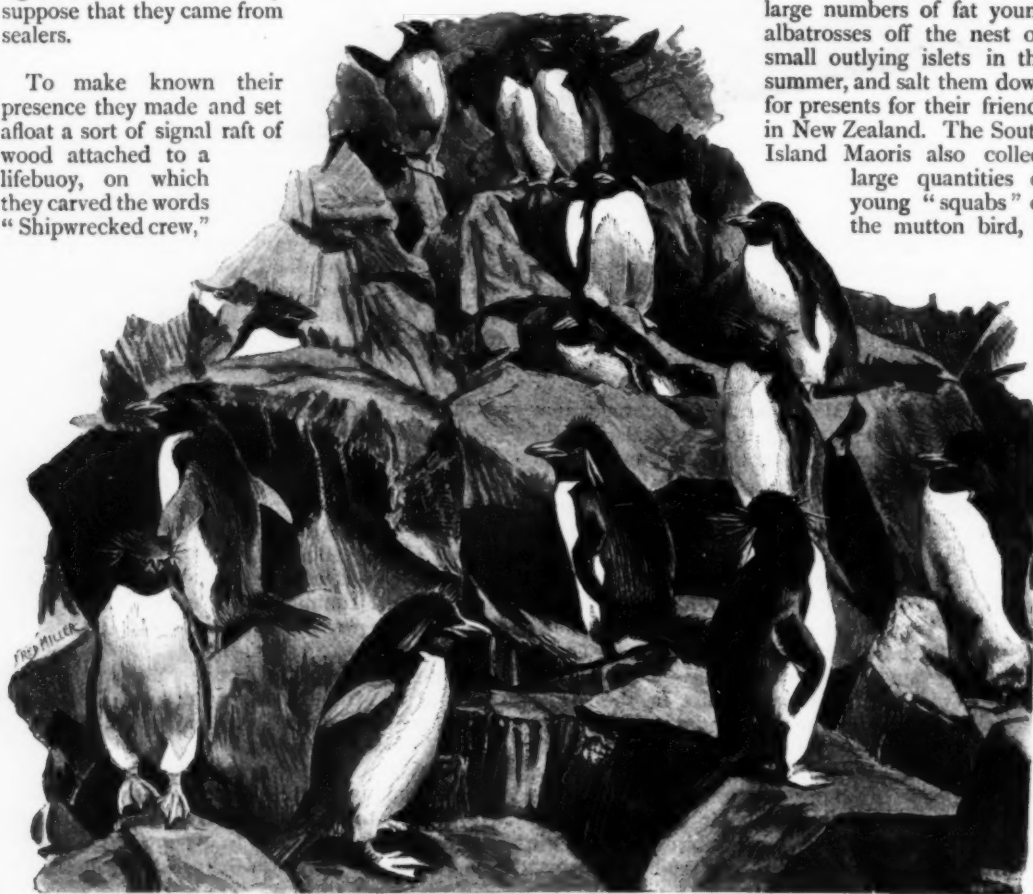
Fortunately they saved the boat's sail, mast, and oars, which assisted them in building shelter huts. They saw four vessels pass while there, but none of these saw their signals; indeed, any captain seeing signs of life there would only suppose that they came from sealers.

To make known their presence they made and set afloat a sort of signal raft of wood attached to a lifebuoy, on which they carved the words "Shipwrecked crew,"

giving latitude and longitude, for not having had to do with the navigation of the ship they did not know what island they were on. To their flagstaff, however, they attended diligently, and this led to their discovery. At first they found very little to eat. Tough old sea-birds were found, of which only the legs could be eaten. Then a penguin was caught, which was relished even though raw. Then they got accustomed to raw penguins. Presently they began to notice that the embryo eggs in these were growing larger, and this led them to hope that they might get eggs. Captain Fairchild records that they begin to lay here about September 25, and this agree with the experiences of the castaways. One day eggs were found, to the great joy of the party, and after that they had food in plenty, for when their eggs began to get full of chicks another kind of penguin came in season.

These comical birds nest among the rocks in thousands, and on the small group of rocks called Bounty Island in millions. In winter they absolutely desert these places and go to the unknown antarctic regions. About January the albatrosses begin to lay, and their young remain near the nests until the next laying season begins, but these the castaways never found, as they did not go either on to the hills or the flat in the centre of the island. The Maoris

at the Chatham Islands take large numbers of fat young albatrosses off the nest on small outlying islets in the summer, and salt them down for presents for their friends in New Zealand. The South Island Maoris also collect large quantities of young "squabs" of the mutton bird, a



PENGUINS, ANTIPODES ISLAND.



kind of petrel, from some small island near Stewart Island, of which when salted they are very fond. These are sold as food in the fish shops of the South Island.

The penguins here never reach the grass level on account of the steep cliffs; but in other islands they form large rookeries among the tussocks. The eggs were excellent food, and were eaten in a simple way; they were broken into the boiler of the boat and the men "drank" them in turns. A little somewhat unpalatable vegetable food was obtained by slicing the thick roots of the *stilbocarpa* and making a sandwich of penguin's fat.

After the rescue Captain Fairchild wished to get some eggs for friends for whom he collects. He obtained a thousand from the castaways camp, without bringing away nearly all.

A signal flag was made of canvas sewed by means of albatross bone needles. For thread the mate carefully unravelled his woollen mittens. Twice ships passed within three miles, which only served to increase the distress of the unfortunates. Thus wearily the days passed until the rescue.

Mr. Horner, the chief officer, Mr. Morrissey, the second officer, and a young man named Clementson, the son of one of the owners, narrated the circumstances to the reporters of the local press, to myself, and to many others. The New Zealand Government took charge of the men, clothed them, and provided them with work or passages, while the Rangoon lad was taken to the Dunedin hospital, whence he will be sent with a little more money in his pocket than he could earn at sea, to his parents in India.

This island was the scene of the drowning of the mate of a whaling vessel in 1824, as is shown by a board erected to his memory. Save that vague

rumours of sealing parties' visits exist, it has no history until Mr. Armstrong's visit in 1868. Thence we hear nothing more until Captain Fairchild's first visit in 1886 since which it has been visited by him annually, or oftener. Looking at its character and the fate of the *Spirit of Dawn*, it is by no means unlikely that other vessels have struck it and sunk without leaving a trace of their story.

One singular and as yet unexplained fact appears in Captain Fairchild's first report to the Marine Department. "A peculiar incident happened whilst sinking the holes for the posts of the house. When down about two feet we unearthed a piece of an earthenware bowl, which I forward to you." As I have never seen this bowl, I can form no opinion as to whether it is of European or Pacific manufacture. If of the latter it is very singular, as the Maoris and Polynesians had no pottery, even if they could ever have come here; pottery belongs to the Melanesians of the Western Pacific.

For about twenty years after Mr. Armstrong's search of the various islands no wrecks were heard of on them, but then they were only casually visited by sealers, and no depôts were maintained. It is a fact of unpleasant significance that since the system of periodical searches was instituted, four distinct parties of men have been rescued. There is moreover every reason to fear that several missing ships have struck one or other of these islands; indeed at the Auckland Islands bits of wreckage have been found very suggestive of this. To mitigate the effect of these disasters to the crews of passing ships from Australia and elsewhere the New Zealand Government does its best. I need hardly say that the rescued men were full of the deepest gratitude to the Government, to Captain Fairchild, and to their fellow passengers on board the *Hinemoa*.

FREDERICK REVANS CHAPMAN.

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## An Undiscovered Country.

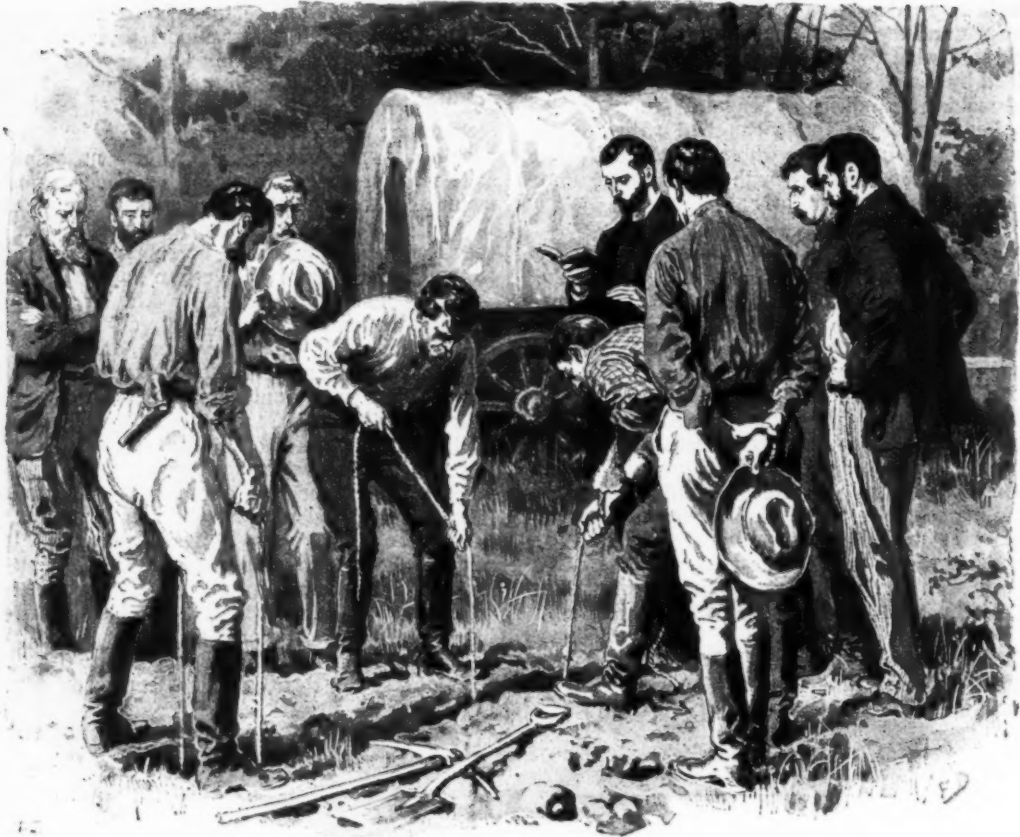
"Do on thy sandals," the bright angel said,  
 "And rise and follow me": and forth we fared,  
 And found a place of utter blackness; bared  
 By the soft radiance that his presence shed:  
 A place of charnel soents, and vapours dread,  
 Out of whose shadows burning eyeballs glared,  
 While shrieks and maniac laughter blent and blared,  
 And all the darkness crawl'd with things that fled.

Then, being clutch'd, I fell in a dead swoond,  
 And time went o'er me, and at length I woke,  
 Watch'd by the angel, in a place apart:  
 Of whom I question'd, "Where in Hell's profound  
 Groped we erewhile?" And lo! before he spoke  
 His sad eyes look'd the answer, "In thy heart."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## THE TOADSTONE.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK," "NO CHOICE," ETC.



SURROUNDED BY A ROUGH AND TRAVEL-STAINED COMPANY.

### CHAPTER XX.—CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.

"And what is writ is writ:  
Would it were worthier!"—*Byron.*

**A** FEW brief extracts from letters written by Mr. Heath to his friends at Stonedale will show how he fared in South Africa during the first weeks of his sojourn there.

Kimberley.

I have now been in this country nearly a month, and have gained no clue whatever to the whereabouts of your father. On landing at Cape Town I visited the hotels and other places of public use and entertainment, but could not hear that anyone of the name of Tenant was known at any of them. I went to the post-office also. The name was not quite unknown there; but those who owned it proved on inquiry to be old residents, and had no connection with your family. I am now on my way to Vryburg. It is a long distance

up the country; nearly 800 miles from Cape Town. There is a railway the whole distance, but the pace is slow. I have halted more than once to prosecute inquiries, first at Worcester and then at other towns of more or less importance, and am now at Kimberley.

This is a wonderful place, though not much to look at; a straggling crowd of low buildings, put up in a hurry and covered with corrugated iron; there are a few good shops, a club, and a racecourse. I am told the company which works the diamond mines has a capital of eight millions sterling, and that the annual value of the diamonds extracted from the mines is about two millions. The mines reach a depth in some places of more than 1,000 feet, and are lighted throughout by electricity. The number of people employed above ground and below is about seven thousand. "In all labour there is profit," says the Preacher; but it might be difficult to say what benefit these mines are to mankind. The

glazier and the rock-borer may find use for a few of the diamonds ; but with these trifling exceptions the whole fruit of this enormous enterprise serves only to adorn the persons and gratify the vanity of a few wealthy ladies and Eastern potentates.

The place contains, however, nothing of special interest to you or to me. I have exhausted it, without any results from the three or four days spent in seeking and inquiring. I may be altogether on the wrong tack. I can only inquire for one Henry Tenant ; whereas your father may probably have assumed some other name. If he wishes to conceal himself he would be almost sure to do so. That fellow—I mean Spratt—went about to all the shipping agencies in London and could not hear of anyone of the name of Tenant having taken a berth for the Cape for months past ; and yet your father must have done so. This, of course, renders my task much more difficult, as I have not the least idea what name he may have assumed. I have shown his photograph to many people and have had it copied and circulated ; but the face, clean shaven as it is in the photo, must be very much disguised by the growth of hair, by which, according to Mr. Trueman's account, it is now covered.

I have ventured sometimes to speak about the toadstone ; but nobody has ever seen or heard of such a thing, and I am regarded almost as a lunatic for talking about it. Diamonds are all the talk here—diamonds and gold ; gold and diamonds. I shall leave the diamonds to-morrow after posting this letter, and go on to the gold.

Vryburg.

Three hotels here, but no one of the name of Tenant known at any of them. Yet here the toadstone was seen and handled by Mr. Trueman. No one else seems to have heard of it ; and I am getting rather shy of speaking about it and being chaffed in consequence. "Toadstone ! don't know what yer mean. You don't believe in no such nonsense as that, do yer?" That is the sort of answer I am pretty sure to get. But I must persevere. It was a dreary journey here, especially the latter part of the way—a succession of plains, an endless flat covered with long grass, and not a tree to break the outline.

I saw a coach start to-day for the Transvaal—a heavy, solid structure, as well it might be, carrying about a dozen passengers inside and half as many outside, besides an immense quantity of luggage. I tried to picture to myself your father among the travellers. He may have journeyed by that very coach ; or he may have gone in an opposite direction, to the West. I have no clue, but I am unwilling to leave Vryburg. He has been here ; here Mr. Trueman saw him ; beyond that I can learn nothing ; and that I knew before I left England.

Although I do not go about now in clerical garb, those who see me have no difficulty in recognising my calling as a minister of the Church, which I have no desire to conceal or to forget. I find opportunities now and then of speaking a word in season, and have been of use, I hope, to some who were in

trouble, or in need of spiritual intercourse and consolation. The externals of religion are not conspicuous here ; but the rush for gold has not quite extinguished the desire for better things. There is a general willingness to listen to anyone from the old country who will speak to them of religious faith and hope. I have held services in different places where I happened to be on a Sunday, and have seen tears wiped roughly from the eyes of brown, hard-featured men, as they listened to the prayers they had heard and offered up in their old homes, and the lessons of Holy Scripture taught them by the loving lips of a mother—bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days.

Since writing the above a strange thing has occurred, and I really hope that it may lead to something in furtherance of my search here. I am going farther up the country immediately. I do not wish to excite hopes in you that may lead to disappointment, but I will tell you exactly what has happened.

A long, thin, shock-headed man stopped to speak to me this afternoon as I was strolling about, absorbed in my own thoughts.

"Parson?" he said.

"Yes."

"Thought so. Diggins? Out of luck?"

"Diggins, no ; out of luck, yes, in one sense ; though I don't much believe in luck."

"What do you believe in?"

"Divine Providence."

"Out of Providence, then?" he said with a laugh.

"Oh no ! never !" I replied.

I need not repeat what followed. This will show you the style and temper of the man. He spoke, for the most part, in a tone of banter, trying to be smart ; but he did not wish to be offensive or profane. He was out of luck himself, he told me, and would be glad to change luck for Providence. I advised him to do so by all means.

"What are you after?" he asked. "If it ain't gold, what is it? Diamonds?"

"No ; a jewel of another sort," I said. "I'm looking for a toadstone."

"Toadstone?" I understood him to say—"I never saw but one in my life, and I didn't think much of that."

"Where did you see it?" I asked very eagerly.

"A man I met up yonder had one : carried it about in his pocket : thought a deal of it."

"Where? When?"

"Not so long ago. Don't excite yourself. It ain't worth it."

"What was his name?"

"Coffin, his name was. Sam Coffin."

"What was this toadstone like?"

"A heavy dark sort of stone ; nothing to look at, though he seemed to think a deal of it ; takes it with him wherever he goes ; consults it like, to show him what to do, and all that."

What am I to think, my dear Arthur, but that this may be the very stone that I am looking for as a clue to its possessor? The name Coffin does not seem promising. Your father would not, I think, adopt such a name as that, nor would he make such a use of the stone ; but Coffin, if I can find

him, may at least tell me where he got the "jewel," and may set me on the right track.

I am going to the goldfields near Pretoria. I had been thinking of doing so before, and this, of course, has decided me. Your father had been at the diggings; at least I conclude so from the fact that he had gold-dust in his possession, as Trueman told us. But the goldfields are so numerous and widespread—hundreds of miles apart, some of them—that I was altogether at a loss which way to turn. Now my course is clear. I must go and find Coffin. Don't be alarmed at this gloomy conclusion, and don't be too sanguine.

Johannesburg.

I counselled you in my last letter not to be sanguine, and I now repeat the caution. This will show you, before I proceed farther, that I have not yet met with the success which I anticipated.

I came here by coach—a similar vehicle to that which I described in a former letter. It was drawn by twelve horses or mules yoked together in pairs. There were two drivers; one of them held the reins, which might, I should have thought, have pulled him off his perch; but the poor animals were not much given to pulling. The other driver wielded a whip with a long lash, of which he made constant use, jumping down and running on to reach the leaders, and flogging the poor beasts incessantly. The roads are very bad, mere tracks in fact, full of deep ruts; and the coach went lumbering on, bounding in and out of the holes, creaking, jolting, and rolling, like a ship at sea; while the passengers held on as best they could, knocking their heads together and clinging with convulsive efforts to their seats.

We have been five days on the road, and were glad indeed to see the tall chimneys of Johannesburg before us, and the corrugated iron roofs gleaming in the sun. The place is like an English manufacturing town. The gold-mines are everywhere. Shafts sunk on all sides, and steam-engines constantly at work. Men of every nation and tongue seem to be assembled here—a perfect Babel and confusion of tongues—but Englishmen seem to be in the majority.

Arrived at Johannesburg, I had no great difficulty in finding Mr. Coffin. Everyone I inquired of had some cheerful joke to utter about his name. Nevertheless, I never met with a merrier man to look at or to talk to than Sam Coffin. I lost no time in bringing him to the point. He answered my questions readily and pleasantly. "Yes, to be sure," he said, when I asked if he had a toadstone. "Would you like to see it?"

"I should, very much indeed."

"All right. I'll set it going."

He ran off, and returned presently with a bucket of water.

"Now I must have a cork," he said.

"A cork?" I answered with surprise.

"Yes. Landlord, bring a cork and a corkscrew. You understand?"

The landlord took the hint, and brought a bottle of whisky, which he opened.

Mr. Coffin took a drink, with a very small proportion of water, and offered me the same, which I declined.

"Your health," he said, nodding to me and taking another drink. Then he took the cork and cut a slice off the end and placed it in the water. Having done this, he drew from his pocket a bag, which served him as purse, and took out a small dark-looking object, which he placed carefully upon the cork. It was nearly black, and in shape like a crystal.

"Watch it," he said; "there, you see; it's beginning to move, ain't it? It might be alive, mightn't it? You see where it's going to, don't you? That's the north, that is. It's as good as a compass, ain't it?"

"Is that your toadstone?" I asked with dismay.

"Toadstone, did you say? Loadstone, I call it."



"WATCH IT," HE SAID.

Why ever should you give it such a name as that?"

I told him I had expected to see quite a different sort of thing, and had come all the way from Vryburg on purpose to look at it. I thought he would have choked himself with laughing. He took another drink, and then went into the bar and told the story to a group of men assembled there, and they all came and looked at me as if I had been a lunatic.

"Came all the way from Vryburg on that jumper coach to look at a bit of loadstone?" they said. "Well, well, you *arre*—"

I endeavoured to explain, but could not get any one to listen to me. They emptied the whisky bottle, and then went away, leaving me to pay for it.

When I went out to look about me, two or three men approached and offered a small compass for sale. It would be handier, they said, than any loadstone. I could carry it on my watchguard or in my pocket: much more convenient than carrying



a bucket of water about with me wherever I went, as would be necessary with the loadstone, to say nothing of the cork and the bottle, with its contents.

I showed them that I was already provided with a handy pocket compass, and they wondered more than ever that I should have come all the way from "Cape Town"—for the joke lost nothing by repetition—a thousand miles or more—just to look at a bit of loadstone.

So you see I am as far as ever from having any clue to the whereabouts of your lost father; and perhaps farther from him in actual distance than when I started from Kimberley. I shall make a general tour of the goldfields now that I have come so far; but I am not hopeful. I trust my letters reach you safely. I have not heard from you since I left Cape Town. I daresay there are letters waiting for me somewhere; but I am always on the move, and don't know how to get hold of them.

#### CHAPTER XXI.—"ARE YOU THE PARSON?"

"The Voice in my dreaming ear."—*Campbell.*

THUS far Mr. Heath's experiences of South Africa have been described in his own words.

He has not told half his adventures, and has said very little about himself personally—much less than those at home to whom his letters were addressed could have desired. The travelling to and fro; the disappointments he met with; the hopes which were excited in his heart from time to time, only to be deferred or extinguished; the heart-sickness, the almost despair that followed, found no expression in his letters. He put the best face upon the matter, and only told so much of his experiences as he thought would interest and entertain them, without making them partakers of his cares.

At the date of his last letter Mr. Heath had been three months or more in South Africa, and seemed to be no nearer the object of his search than at the moment when he first set foot on that continent. He was wearied both in mind and body with much journeying and frequent disappointments. There were, indeed, times of refreshing for him, when, on a Sunday afternoon or other rare occasions, he could gather a few of his English-speaking neighbours round him and conduct a religious service, such as they had been used to in their old homes, lifting up their voices together in words which they had loved long since and had not quite forgotten:

"Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,

Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,

Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many:"

concluding with the word of exhortation, the voice of one crying in the wilderness; but for the most part he met with little sympathy, and little that could cheer him in his wanderings.

He resolved, however, to return to Cape Town, and to make his headquarters there for some time longer, visiting two or three of the smaller gold-fields on his way.

Part of this journey he made in company with some fellow-countrymen in waggons drawn by oxen; camping out at night. Although the Dutch have a reputation for cleanliness in their own country, the hotels in the Transvaal are for the most part dirty and comfortless; and camping out in fine weather was much to be preferred to the inns kept by the Boers.

The road traversed by the waggons was at times almost impassable, spreading out in some places to a great width, being, in fact, no road at all, but a mere beaten track, marked out by ruts and hollows which were never levelled or repaired. Drivers went wherever they could get along with least difficulty, making fresh paths for themselves as occasion required. Oxen take a great deal of driving, and the pace, of course, is very slow. They do their best, but are greatly overtaxed by the state of the roads, the weight of the waggons, and the obstacles they have to overcome. It is no unusual thing for one or more of the team to be left by the wayside dying or dead. The bones are soon stripped of their flesh by the vultures, which are to be seen sitting gorged and stupefied, and hardly able to move from the scene of their orgies.

Up and down hill the waggons proceeded, now sticking fast in a creek or spruit, now bumping over rocks and boulders, now making a detour through long grass which rose almost to the roofs of the waggons, now halting for an interval rendered necessary by the intolerable jolting, till the lengthening shadows warned the travellers to halt and make their preparations for the night.

On the evening of their second day out Mr. Heath and his company found a camp already established in the place in which they proposed to make their halt. Three or four waggons coming from an opposite direction had rested there, and were spending the night on the spot. One of the vehicles had broken down, and some men were busy trying to repair it; it had fallen over on its side, a wheel having been destroyed by plunging into one of the numerous pitfalls on the track. The men were silent over their work; no noisy words, no careless laughter, no boisterous jesting was heard among them. The camp wore an aspect of gloom very unusual among the gold-diggers even in their hardest times.

A reason for this suggested itself to the newcomers in the shape of a shallow grave which had just been dug by the wayside only a short distance from the camp. Mr. Heath, whose sacred calling was quickly recognised, was addressed by one of the travellers, who came to him with a serious air.

"We have had an accident," he said, "as you may see. One of our company is dead, killed on the spot. Others are hurt, one of them seriously. We were about to bury this poor fellow here, by the wayside. He was almost a stranger to us—a young man full of life and spirits till this happened.

One of us would have read some prayers over him ; but if you will do it, it will be more regular and seemly, and we shall be much obliged."

Mr. Heath consented willingly, and, towards sunset, the body was brought forth from the rude shelter which had been erected over it, and carried to the grave, most of the travellers following it. A few only—natives—remained with the waggons, and looked on from a short distance.

It was a fine, calm evening in August, the beginning of spring in those latitudes, the air clear and buoyant, the silence which reigned around unbroken by any sound except the low, distinct utterance of the minister as he stood by the graveside, surrounded by a rough and travel-stained company, solemnised in mind and conduct by the sudden death of their companion.

Those who were watching from a distance could hear every word that was spoken, and stood with uncovered heads, though the language was strange to some of them. Certain parts of the burial service fell upon the ears of that motley group with peculiar emphasis ; for as the heart is tuned the ear is touched ; and certain verses seemed to gain increased significance from the surrounding incidents.

"Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

"In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

A few words of exhortation followed, and then, as they turned away from the grave, the soil was gently dropped upon the lifeless limbs, uncoffined (as in the days of old), and kindly mother earth was left to do her part, receiving the dust back to dust again, till the day when those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake.

The night was now closing in, and those who had been brought together to this strange meeting in the wilderness sat round the camp fires, which burnt up brightly in the keen fresh air, talking of the homes which they had left, or relating their experiences of the goldfields from which they were returning. Notwithstanding that one of their waggons was disabled, they were to depart on the morrow, leaving it to be brought after them when repaired. Some were going north, others in an opposite direction ; some turning their faces joyfully towards home, others increasing their distance from it—not knowing what a day might bring forth to any one of them.

Mr. Heath did not fail to make his usual inquiries, and to show the photograph, beardless as it was, and perhaps not recognisable even by those who might have been acquainted with the original in his more recent and hirsute appearance. No one knew anything of a Tenant or of a toadstone ; that was a matter of course now. Heath had almost given up all hope of receiving any other answer. So he lay down to rest, after commending himself and those around him to the care of Him who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, and, worn out with fatigue, soon fell asleep.

It was yet dark, though the first gleam of daylight was beginning to show itself in the east, when he was aroused by the glimmer from a lantern falling across his face. His first thought was that some one or other of his camp neighbours, several

of whom were natives, had come with a dishonest purpose to pick up anything that could be found in the tent. Before he could raise himself, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a voice said in harsh but subdued tones :

"Are you the missionary—parson—doctor?"

"I am the parson," Heath replied.

"Then you're wanted."

"Where?"

"I'll show you ; there's a man in one of the waggons in a bad way."

"Taken ill?"

"Accident ; taken worse."

"What's his name?"

"Don't remember. Hendrick, I think. Dutchman, I suppose. He was hurt the other day when that other poor chap was killed. He don't seem to get any better. We don't know what to do with him. Maybe as you buried one you can cure the other."

"I am not a doctor," Heath said ; "but I will go and see him."

He rose, shivering as the cold air met him. The camp was already astir. Some of the followers had been about all night. Fires were still burning, and preparations were being made for early breakfast.

"That's where he lies," said the man who accompanied Mr. Heath. "He's not fit to travel ; but he'll have to go on, I suppose, till we come to a place where he can be left and taken care of."

Heath lifted the awning of the waggon to which his conductor pointed, and climbed into it. Stretched on the floor with a rug under him, his head slightly raised by an extemporised pillow, was a mass of grizzled hair ; very little else was to be seen in the obscurity by which all objects were shrouded. Mr. Heath approached, stooping down under the low canopy. The thought which had crossed his mind, that the wounded stranger might possibly prove to be the man whom he was seeking, was immediately dismissed. Though he had seen nothing but the hair and a mere hand-breadth of the features, he arrived at once at the conclusion that this was not Henry Tenant.

For a few moments they looked at each other in silence.

"What can I do for you?" Mr. Heath asked.

"You sent for me, and I shall be glad to be of use to you if I can."

The sufferer answered only by a groan.

"You are in pain ; you want medical assistance."

He shook his head and tried to speak, but seemed to draw his breath with difficulty.

"Perhaps I can help you," said Heath.

"Where is your hurt?"

"It's his side that's hurt," said a man who had entered the waggon with Heath, "and it gets worse instead of better. He can't bear to be moved, and every breath he draws seems to give him pain."

Kneeling by his side, Heath carefully removed his clothing, and passed his hand over the spot where the pain appeared to be seated.

"Broken ribs," he said. "I'll do what I can for him, for want of some one better qualified. He is very feverish, and there is inflammation."

Although Mr. Heath had some knowledge of ambulance rules and practice, he did not feel himself equal to a case of this kind. Yet it would not admit of delay, and there was no one else able to give relief. He contrived a bandage, and, passing it round the chest and back, fastened it tightly and firmly. He raised the sufferer to a half-sitting posture, and supported him by pillows, or such substitutes for them as could be procured or contrived.

By the time this was done the day had fully dawned, and the whole camp was astir.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—LEADEN THOUGHTS.

"I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed ;  
But shall, in a more continueate time,  
Strike off this score of absence."—*Shakespeare.*

"**T**IME we was off, guv'nor," one of the drivers said to Mr. Heath, drawing the long lash of his whip through his fingers ; "time we was off. What are we to do with this poor fellow?"

"He can't travel," said Heath ; "impossible."

"And we can't stop here," was the answer : "lost too much time already."

"What's to be done?"

"Dunno, I'm sure."

Mr. Heath went away to take counsel with others of the party. They all wanted to go forward. Those who were on their way to the goldfields were impatient to begin their work and to gather the riches which they had come so far to seek. Those, on the other hand, who were travelling south could not brook delay. They were to take train for Cape Town and to catch the next steamer for England.

"He can't travel," said Heath again ; "the state of the road puts that out of the question ; and he can't stay here by himself. I might perhaps stay with him, but——"

His eye fell, as he spoke, upon the damaged waggon. It had been propped up, but wanted a wheel, which was broken past mending. The waggon would have to remain where it was until another wheel could be procured and sent back to be fitted to its axle.

"You might move him into yonder waggon," said Heath. "I will remain with him two or three days. By that time I hope the broken wheel will be replaced and the broken ribs mended."

After some discussion this was agreed to : the patient was removed with all possible care and tenderness to the damaged waggon, and Mr. Heath saw the other vehicles depart, moving slowly away in opposite directions, and leaving him, with the invalid, and one black man to attend him, almost alone in the dreary waste.

All that day the patient lay in a feverish state ; dozing occasionally, but taking very little notice of anything. Heath applied warm fomentations and gave him some little nourishment, and the black man kept up the fire outside and made himself as useful as he could.

Towards nightfall the sufferer became more restless, and Mr. Heath could get very little sleep.

There was a lamp burning, but shaded, so as to keep the light from the sick man's face. The black man had coiled himself up somewhere in a sheltered place outside, and Heath, overcome with fatigue and watching, had fallen asleep.

Suddenly a voice, a word, a name awoke him. The sound was still ringing in his ears when he sat up. "Elsie !" Had he been dreaming? It was not strange that he should dream of Elsie ; but the voice seemed too real to be the offspring of a dream.

Hendrick was lying quite still, propped up on the bed-rest which had been contrived for him. Although his face was in shadow, his eyes were seen to be half closed, his face flushed, and his lips parted. His breathing was quick and irregular. Heath moistened his lips and tongue, and laid his fingers lightly upon his forehead, which was hot and dry. Presently the sufferer began to speak in low gasping tones, short and disconnected words and phrases.

"In the midst of life—death. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes—dust—dust."

"He must have heard me read the burial service," Heath said to himself. "The grave was not far off ; it was a quiet evening. He would hear every word."

"Sure and certain hope—what—what ! Blessed are the dead—poor Herbert !"

The listener's heart beat rapidly ; the blood rushed to his temples. "Elsie ; Herbert !" where could the speaker have learnt those names—where but at Pierremont?

He stooped forward, scarcely breathing, and scrutinised the features of the man who lay unconscious before him as he had not done hitherto. Changed, worn, aged, disguised as to the lower part of his face, yet he now recognised almost beyond a doubt the man he had been seeking. Hendrick they had said was his name ; but the name was nothing. In a hundred other instances he had looked for Henry Tenant regardless of the name ; he had expected, or at least hoped, to find him in every stranger that crossed his path, no matter how he might be called. After so many disappointments he had almost abandoned hope. On this occasion he had been asked to go to the assistance of a man named Hendrick, and had fancied, from the name or other circumstances, that his patient was a foreigner.

But he spoke English, spoke it in his dreams or delirium, as his native tongue ; and the names—Elsie—Herbert !

"How could I have been so blind," Heath said to himself, "as not to recognise at a glance the father of my Elsie and of her brother, who lies buried in the churchyard on the hills at home?"

"In the midst of life," the voice broke forth again, "we are in death. Herbert—poor Herbert !"

It was of that distant churchyard that the unhappy father was thinking. It was there that he had listened to the burial service while standing by his son's grave. There the words had impressed themselves upon his memory ; and now, being repeated in his hearing by the same voice, they had fallen upon his ear like an echo of the past. He had brooded over them in his hours of restless-



ness and pain; and even now out of the abundance of the heart the mouth still spake.

Mr. Heath slept no more that night. From time to time the sufferer broke the silence; sometimes incoherently and without any meaning; but more frequently referring to some incidents of the past, more or less intelligible to the man who sat and watched beside him.

"Only ten minutes—by the clock—how slowly it moves. One; two; three; four—Elsie! she saw me—saw me do it. Elsie! Oh!"

The reader may understand these words; but to Mr. Heath they were unintelligible. The events of that night at Pierremont, when Herbert Tenant died, were reflected in the speaker's mind. The old clock on the stairs was again before him; again he raised his hand, as on that fatal evening, putting the clock forward. Again Elsie, standing on the landing-place above and looking down at him, had seen him do it.

To Mr. Heath it was a story without meaning: Elsie, he felt sure, would understand it. Elsie, when he should see her again, would be able to give him the interpretation of the dream; but he would never ask her for it, never listen to it. The subject was evidently distressful to the dreamer, and he could almost guess the nature of it. He had heard that Mr. Tenant had lost the inheritance which should have come to him from his son—lost it in consequence of the lad's premature death. The short interval by which the result had been determined, a few minutes only, was no secret; and the dreamer's words pointed evidently to some act of his own in tampering with the clock. But Mr. Heath turned his thoughts resolutely from the subject. The dream should be to him as if he had never heard it.

The sufferer fell towards morning into a deep sleep which lasted several hours. On waking he seemed almost immediately to recognise his position, and, turning his eyes towards his attendant, addressed him by name. It did not seem to surprise him that Mr. Heath should be there.

"I heard your voice reading the burial service," he said. "I could not forget it; the same words, the same expression, as at the little church on the hills. It seemed to carry me away there. I was lying here alone at the time. What happened afterwards I don't know. I saw you in my dreams. I felt that you were near."

"I am so glad I have found you," said Heath; "but I thought you did not know me."

"I knew you in a misty sort of way, as if we were in the old country and had never left it; in the churchyard at poor Herbert's grave. I hardly know now where we are or what has happened. How came you here?"

"I'll tell you all about it by-and-by," said Heath. "How do you feel now?"

"Pretty well; that is—oh!"

"You must lie still. You will soon be better, but you must be careful not to move just yet."

"Well, but—"

"Yes; I understand. You must have patience. Rest and sleep will restore you."

Heath gave him some food and renewed the dressing of herbs which the black man had gathered

for fomentations, and presently he had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes close again. He lay still, sleeping or waking, till towards evening, and was then almost without pain, and wanted to sit up.

Heath told him of his wife and children at Stonedale, and how it had come about that he had started in search of him.

"I was about to return home," he said, "despairing of success. Now you will go with me."

Tenant turned away with a groan, and said no more that evening.

A few days later they were able to resume their journey, Tenant being so far recovered as to be able to bear the movement of the waggon.

"Where are we going?" he asked, when Heath proposed to make a move.

"To the nearest railway station, and so to Cape Town."

"And then?"

"Home."

Tenant shook his head sadly. "I cannot go to England," he said. "You must return alone. You know why I came here."

"I do not indeed. If I might guess the reason, it is one which no longer exists."

"I could not show my face in England among old neighbours. They think that I am dead. I saw the account of the accident at the Death Hole in the papers. There was a general conviction that I had perished there."

"We all shared that belief at one time, and were very thankful to find that it was not the case."

"How could you know it?"

Heath told him how the quarry had been drained and its depths explored.

He looked up eagerly.

"They are getting stone and slates there," said Heath; "it will be valuable."

"I am very thankful," Mr. Tenant said, bowing his head and remaining for some time silent.

"I had heavy liabilities at Pierremont," he said presently. "I left the neighbourhood in order to gain time, and because—well, I had other reasons, of which you perhaps have not heard!"

Heath made no reply, and Mr. Tenant went on.

"I had a narrow escape at the Death Hole. I went there weary of my life and half resolved to cast myself down into it. I had asked old Todd to meet me there, with a vague hope that he might suggest some means of getting the quarries to work again. It was my only hope, the only chance that remained of recovering my position and making provision for my family. He did not come, and in a fit of disappointment, almost of despair, I felt that it would be the best thing for me and for everybody that I should die. I had insured my life; my family would have the benefit of that. Dead, I could be of use to them; alive, it seemed to be impossible. I looked down into the abyss, my head swam, I seemed to be drawn towards it. Another instant, and I think I should have yielded to the temptation and cast myself down."

"Just then the ground shook under my feet. I saw the brow of the rock on which I was standing move. Terror-struck, I grasped a willow-branch at hand and clung to it, eager only to preserve that life



which I had been ready, a moment earlier, to throw away. I was still in great peril, and the words I had heard at the grave-side came into my mind: 'In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succour but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased!'

"Sins! Ay. I had many to answer for, and they rose up before me at that fearful moment. Justly displeased! Yes, indeed; how could I stand before Him? What answer could I make when called to account? Succour—of whom could I seek it but of Him who was justly displeased? I prayed then, Mr. Heath, as I had never prayed before. I clung to life then, not for its own sake, but because I feared to die.

"All this passed through my mind as one thought.

"I have gone over it in detail many times since then; it comes back to me whether I will or no, but I have not spoken of it to anyone before. It is one thing to describe such a state of mind, and quite another thing to feel and suffer it, as I felt and suffered then. The mind is its own time, Mr. Heath. I hung from that willow-branch close to the pit's edge only a few seconds. I saw the ground slide away from under my feet and heard the rush, the roar, as it swept down into the water. I turned my face away from it in horror, scarcely knowing yet whether I was to go after it or not; and then I found that, though suspended over the dark abyss, I was still within reach of the solid ground. How soon that too might break away and carry me down with it, I could not tell. With all the strength that I could muster, with the energy of desperation, I swung myself from the slender bough and alighted upon the grass, clutching it with eager fingers and creeping up the slope on hands and knees till I had gained a distance of some yards. Then I sat down and tried to collect my thoughts.

"My life was given to me—that life which I had been ready to throw away. I knew now that if I had made the fatal plunge, I should have repented it instantly, even while yet cleaving the air—repented with a hopeless, vain repentance, clinging to life with the despairing consciousness that it was all in vain—too late, too late. I tried to feel thankful for the mercy that had held me back and given me my life again.

"Yes, my life was given me; but what was I to do with it?—that was my next thought. The evening was closing in. I turned towards my old home; mechanically, almost without knowing it, like one in a dream. I had but one object in going there—a very simple one. My hat had been lost in the pit. I could not go about without a hat; and I could not go anywhere to buy one without attracting notice, which I was anxious to avoid. There was an old one hanging up in my den, and I went there to fetch it.

"I found myself watched as I went into the house. That seemed to bring me to my senses; and instead of going away as I had entered, I escaped by the window. I walked some distance that night, and then took the train from a small station and came on to London. A day later I saw an account of the accident at the slate-pit, and my own death

chronicled. I resolved to let that error prevail. I might as well be dead to the world, I thought, as living in it a pauper, and of no use to my family or to anyone else. They would get the insurance money, and whatever else I had to leave.

"Of course, you will say that was not honest. I had no right to let that money be paid, even to my wife and children, while I was still alive. But I put the question from me. There would be delay in paying it, I knew, and there was plenty of time to consider it, and to come to a conclusion. No, it was not honest; that is even the best that can be said about it.

"I took passage for the Cape, and have been at the gold-diggings, trying first one and then another, with varying fortune, until you found me."

"And now you will go home with me," said Heath.

Mr. Tenant sighed and shook his head.

"Impossible!" he murmured.

"Your occupation here is at an end. You can do nothing more at the goldfields. You were not fit for it, at your age, even when sound. It would have been your death."

"There was nothing else to be done. I can't go home. Home! I have none. My debts——"

"They have been paid."

"Paid! How?"

"The insurance money."

"But when they know that I am still alive?"

"They do know it."

"The money then will have to be repaid."

"That has been done."

"How was it possible?"

"Mr. Weaver managed it," said Heath, without any reference to the part which he had acted in the business.

"He cannot have paid all," said Tenant. "There were debts of which he had no knowledge; debts of honour."

"Honour!" Mr. Heath forbore to say what was in his mind. But he could understand now why Mr. Tenant shrank from returning to England—why he would leave wife, children, home, all that could make life endurable, rather than show himself where he was known.

Debts of honour! He had suffered the tradespeople, those who supplied him and his household with the necessities of life, to go unpaid, letting their "little accounts" run on, angry with them when they dunned him. Debts of that kind could be put off, regardless of the injury that followed to those who, in the way of business, had given him credit; but gambling bets, losses on the turf—these, if not punctually discharged, would bring dishonour and disgrace upon him. But for these "debts of honour" he might never have been guilty of that act of fraud for which, although it had brought him no advantage, he could not but despise himself, and by which he felt that he had been degraded in the eyes of those who had witnessed it or heard of it. But for these debts of honour he would not have been now an exile, banished from his home and living by hard labour in the goldfields, with no prospect of any better lot in this world, and no desire but to pass away from it by an early death. He had learnt now to look

beyond the present life, trusting to Him who, though for our sins He is justly displeased, is ready to forgive us all our debt because we ask Him—"of whom should we seek for succour but of Thee, O Lord?"

Mr. Heath said no more on the subject at that time, and they continued their journey by easy stages till they at length reached Cape Town. There he found, among other letters, one from Arthur Tenant, urging his return to England, the tone of

which, rather than any definite information conveyed, caused him some uneasiness. Yes; he felt that he must return at once by the next steamer. The object of his journey was accomplished. He felt, also, that he could not leave the husband and father whom he had come to seek behind him. He could not go back to England alone. And yet, in spite of all the arguments he could advance, and all the persuasion he could use, Henry Tenant still absolutely refused to accompany him.

## SIR HARRY PARKES, K.C.B.,<sup>1</sup>

MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO JAPAN AND CHINA.

IT was high time that a Memoir of Sir Harry Parkes should appear. Events of importance crowd into public notice so quickly, and new men become so popular, that there was risk of the very name of this great Englishman being overlooked, and his services being forgotten by all but his personal friends and a few students of modern history.

It is now nine years since he died at Peking, and the remains of the British Envoy in the Far East were brought home to find their last resting-place in an English village churchyard. He deserved a burial in Westminster Abbey like that of Livingstone, whose body was also brought home from afar. Both were men who made the name of England honoured and powerful in distant regions. But the career of Parkes was not so widely known as that of the greatest of African travellers, and so no list of eminent names came to Dean Bradley recommending his being buried at Westminster. Two years after his death a worthy monument was placed in St. Paul's Cathedral, and unveiled in the presence of many who knew the value of Sir Harry Parkes' services. Among them were a few veterans who in former years had been comrades and witnesses of his work in the East—Sir Rutherford Alcock, Sir Thomas Wade, and Admiral Sir Henry Keppel.

Sixteen months ago Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole was asked by the representatives of the family to write a biography. No fitter man could have been asked. He had personal knowledge of Harry Parkes in the times of his Consular Service in China, and he was author of the *Life of Lord Stratford*, "the great Elchi," who had been the powerful defender and protector of British interests in the land of the Sultan. When the invitation came to Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole it happened that Sir Robert Morier was present, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. "It is a fine subject," said Sir Robert, "and Parkes was a splendid

Minister: the only question is whether it is not too soon to write his *Life*." He was thinking only of the difficulties that might arise if a frank use were made of official "despatches" relating to comparatively recent negotiations. Such difficulties have not arisen, for the sufficient reason that the unpublished despatches have not been at the disposal of his biographer.

In 1865 Parkes was promoted from the Consular to the Diplomatic Service of the Foreign Office, being then appointed the first British Minister in Japan. Here Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has obtained the assistance of Mr. F. V. Dickins, now Assistant-Registrar and Librarian of the University of London, who was formerly a spectator and witness of Sir Harry Parkes' work in Japan. For this part of the *Life*, forming the larger portion of the second volume, Mr. Dickins has the editorial responsibility.

The public life of Sir Harry Parkes was so long, although he died at the early age of fifty-seven, that it covers the whole period of the opening of China and Japan to the outside world. It was impossible, therefore, to avoid mixing the history of the Far East with the biography.

In the days of the Great Napoleon it used to be said that every French soldier carried the *bâton* of a field-marshal in his knapsack. It is equally true in England that men may rise from the humblest position in the public service to the highest and most honourable offices, and thus spread the influence of England throughout the remotest regions of the world. Such was the case with the subject of this Memoir.

The grandfather of Harry Parkes was an English clergyman, Rector of Halesowen, on the borders of Staffordshire and Worcestershire. He had two sons: one became a lieutenant in the Royal Navy; the second became an ironmaster and founder of a firm which, under another name, exists at the present time. Harry was the youngest son of this ironmaster. His mother,

<sup>1</sup> "The Life of Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B., G.C.M.G." Macmillan & Co.

By Stanley Lane-Poole and F. V. Dickins. Two volumes.

a pious and excellent woman, was daughter of a bookseller and printer at Bridgenorth. Dying within a few months of each other, they left three orphan children. These were invited to come to their uncle's house, who, after his retirement, lived at Birmingham; having himself a large family—five girls and a son—Harry was sent to school with this cousin, but his chief delight was, in the holidays, to listen to his uncle John's stories of "the Great War" and of Nelson. It was a fit beginning and training for one whose career was to be devoted to the Imperial service of his country. In 1837 the sailor uncle died, and the large family was left in "straitened circumstances." Harry was, however, for two years at King Edward's Grammar School, then under a notable headmaster, James Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester. Bishops Lightfoot and Westcott were among Harry's schoolfellows these two years; and Benson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, was at the same school shortly after he left.

Meanwhile the way was being prepared for the removal of most of the orphaned children to China. A first cousin of Harry had gone out to help in missionary work, and in native schools in Malacca. Mary Wanstall there married Charles Gutzlaff, the famous Chinese linguist and explorer. Mrs. Gutzlaff was then living at Macao, in a Portuguese house, close to the cave where tradition avers that Camoens began to write the *Lusiad*. On hearing of the death of Lieutenant Parkes she sent for two of his daughters to assist her in the home for blind and orphan Chinese girls, a work undertaken out of the purest spirit of philanthropy. One of these sisters became the wife of Dr. Lockhart, F.R.C.S., afterwards a well-known medical missionary. He sailed for China in the same ship which took out Catherine Parkes and her sister. Dr. Medhurst was also a passenger in the same vessel.

When Gutzlaff's services as interpreter and explorer took him away from Macao to Canton, his wife thought it would be well for the young girls to have Harry Parkes also brought out. So he went, at the age of fourteen, to the Far East. He sailed from Portsmouth in June, 1841, and in October reached Macao. Here he met with a kind reception from John Robert Morrison, the celebrated Chinese linguist, then holding the appointment of First Interpreter to the British Commissioner. Morrison took a strong liking to the boy from the first, and urged him to study Chinese, promising to get him introduced into official life as an interpreter. In May, 1842, Harry went from Macao to Hong Kong to join Morrison, who was there as secretary to the British Plenipotentiary, Sir Henry Pottinger. He had to borrow his passage-money, we are told, which was afterwards repaid with interest to a friendly missionary at Macao who advanced it.

Sir Henry Pottinger at once took the warmest interest in the young English boy. In fact, his appearance and gentlemanly manners, besides his knowledge of Chinese, made him a favourite with everyone with whom in those days he came in contact. "Harry wins golden opinions," wrote Morrison to his relatives.

It is not our intention to give details of the historical events of the long years passed by Sir Harry Parkes in the Consular Service in China. Let it only be remembered that when he first landed on the soil of the "Celestial Empire" the whole of China was as yet closed against European influences. It was only by sufferance that the "Barbarians" and "Foreign Devils" were permitted to trade at Canton, under the mediation of "the Hong Merchants." There were no "Treaty ports" then, far less any access to the interior of the country. It was only after a succession of wars that the Manchu conquerors and rulers of the vast empire were brought to have knowledge of the outside world. It would be wearisome to narrate the various epochs of change, from the first treaty of Nanking down to the appointment of Lord Elgin and of Sir Frederick Bruce as British Ministers at Peking. In reading the Life of Sir Harry Parkes the gradual opening of the country will be understood, for he it was who was the chief agent in the affairs, and the adviser of all the statesmen, generals, and admirals who came, with irresistible force, to compel the rulers to bring about the new state of things in our time witnessed. A few only of the personal incidents may be named as illustrations of the man whose Memoir embraces half a century of progress.

Through the period of the Taeping Rebellion it was long the policy of England to maintain neutrality, partly because it was thought a genuine insurrection of the native Chinese against the Tartar rulers, and partly because there seemed to be some religious influence obtained from missionary efforts. But in course of time it became manifest that the leaders of the rebellion were a set of robbers, and that the bulk of their followers belonged to lawless criminal classes of the lowest order. They had conquered and plundered a large portion of the empire, and established themselves at Nanking as their capital and centre of operations. When they threatened an attack on Shanghai, which was the chief of the Treaty ports in the north, and the most favoured by the British, a volunteer force was got up by the residents in case of attack.

This was the force, strengthened by "native friendlies," which under Ward and Burgevine afterwards fought with the rebels. The Taepings for some years longer gave trouble in many parts of the empire, and it was to defeat them that Charles Gordon, then a young officer of the Engineers, was permitted by the British General, Sir C. T. Van Straubenzee (like Sir Henry Pottinger, a famous Indian officer), to form the "Ever-Victorious Army," and to put down the rebellion. All this is well known, but it is also now told that Parkes was a most intimate friend of Gordon, and throughout his after life maintained the friendship first formed at Shanghai.

Before the open rupture with the Taeping rebels Parkes once went to see the "Heavenly King," as the leader was called. There was a question as to stationing a gunboat permanently in the river for the protection of the factories. The Taeping king affected to decide all questions through direct communication with the Almighty. Parkes asked the King and his generals how this communication



from Heaven was obtained. "By a vision" was the reply. This answer was met by a burst of indignation from the honest Englishman. "Tut, tut, tut! Won't do at all! He must have another vision!" The lightning of those blue eyes, as his biographer says, flashed from one Chinese general to another till they were completely disconcerted. The vision was duly amended by a fresh revelation! We can fancy the scene when the hasty impatience of the speaker, made more noticeable by the stutter by which his speech was sometimes interrupted, broke forth. But his mind was resolute, and his features stern on such an occasion. At other times, and always in his own home or among friends, he was gentle and lovable, as all who knew him will testify. He was a hater of ostentation and of ceremony, like his friend Gordon, but in every matter of duty both of them were "kings among men." Both of them were also true servants of God, and humble, devout Christian men.

The war of 1860 brought to the front many men who afterwards became famous. General Sir Gerald Graham then first became known. Sir Hope Grant was Commander-in-Chief, and one of his staff was the Captain Wolsley who is now high in the Army, and was made Field-Marshal at the Queen's birthday.

Lord Elgin when he first went out to China treated Consuls and interpreters in a rather contemptuous, *de haut en bas* style, as some generals used to treat the special correspondents of newspapers.

But the young interpreter very soon took the measure of the lofty diplomatist, and thought his lordship was not likely to do much service in his mission! Before the war ended Lord Elgin had altered his tone, taking the young Consul into his thorough confidence. He said then:

"Parkes is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met; for energy, courage, and ability combined I do not know where I could find his match; and this, joined to a facility of speaking Chinese, makes him at present the man of the situation."

The same high opinion was held by Lord Elgin's successor, his brother Sir Frederic Bruce, and by all the men, civil or military, who were in China in those times.

The terrible incident of Parkes and his companions being treacherously seized by command of the Emperor when bearing a flag of truce may be remembered. The punishment came for this treachery when the allied armies burned and "looted" the famous palace Yuen Ming Yuen. Of the public spirit of Parkes when taken prisoner Lord Elgin said:

"Mr. Parkes' consistent refusal to purchase his own safety by making any pledges, or even by addressing to me any representation which might have harassed me in the discharge of my duty, is a rare example of courage and devotion to the public interest."

There were many who wished to take more signal vengeance for the treatment of the captured prisoners, some of whom, French as well as English, perished from the cruelties to which they were exposed. Parkes himself was confined in a loathsome prison, with the worst criminals as his companions. When the city of Peking was taken by

the allies, the Emperor and his Court fled into Tartary. Parkes was then released, in a miserably shattered condition. He protested, nevertheless, against any injury being done to the capital:

"To have burned Peking would have been simply wicked, as the people of the city, who would in that case be the sufferers, had done no harm. At Yuen Ming Yuen we could only injure the Court. This was the scene of the atrocities committed, and I consider that it is the proper place to make a monumental ruin of the Emperor's Summer Palace, (five miles from Peking). So Yuen Ming Yuen was doomed. To exact a national indemnity for the murder of our countrymen would have been to make money out of their blood. But from the Emperor and his Court the ample compensation of half a million of taels must be demanded for the families of the deceased."

Want of space requires the omission of all notice of the few and hasty visits of Parkes to the old country, except to mention that in one of them, while resting a while at the house of a friend of Sir Frederick Alcock at Stanmore, he met and on short acquaintance was engaged to Fanny Plumer, afterwards to be numbered among "excellent women" as Lady Parkes. She was the daughter of an old family, Sir Thomas Plumer having been Master of the Rolls three generations back. But the Consul-General had still much work to do, not in China only, but in other regions of the East.

In a letter to his wife, then in England, dated May 21, 1865, he writes:

"The mail has brought me the great news of my appointment to Japan as Alcock's successor, of which you had not heard at the time your mail left. Nor had Alcock, for, in writing to me to tell he had been appointed to Peking, he observed that nothing had yet been decided about his successor, though he kindly adds a wish that I may obtain it. I think, too, that it is probable that he may have spoken in my favour at the Foreign Office, though the fact of his being unacquainted with Earl Russell's decision shows how very close they keep matters. It reaches me privately in the first instance from Earl Russell in a note which you will be glad to see."

Then follows the letter of Lord Russell. In sending it to his wife he says:

"The appointment is particularly gratifying to me, as it lifts me at a stride into the higher branch of the Service; and it is not often that a man of my age, without any advantages of birth, has the opportunity of representing the Queen and country at another nation. I only trust that I may be able to fulfil these responsibilities, and that our interests may not suffer by being confided to my charge. The first few months will be trying ones, as I shall have much to learn, as was the case when I arrived here, before I feel myself well in the saddle. . . . I do not know what trials may be in store for me; some, of course, I must expect; but I feel now, and trust I may continue to do so, great thankfulness for all the mercies bestowed upon me, coupled with a trust in that good Father who has hitherto so signally watched over me and protected me. You will have to share my responsibilities, but I have no fear for your acquitting yourself well of these, for you have far better tact than I have—as indeed is the case with most women as compared with men."

Towards the end of May we find that Parkes was still moving about in China, visiting the various stations; nor did he leave Shanghai (and China, as he then believed, for ever) to go to his new post till the end of June. On May 26 the Rev. Griffith John thus wrote from Hankow: "Sir Harry Parkes was here last week. He looks remarkably well, and like myself wants nothing but his



wife and children to make him feel quite happy. He called on me twice, and we had about three hours together. He went with me to see the chapel and the schools, and seemed quite pleased with what he saw. I enjoyed my chat with him very much, and do think him a first-rate fellow. I was much pleased with his interest in the missionary work. He seems to believe in it, which very few out of the missionary circle do." This was written nearly thirty years ago, and Parkes at that time was only thirty-seven years of age.

A few years of Japan, possibly four years, if health were retained, and the state of the country permitted, was the forecast for the future at this time. He wrote to his wife that they could make "a home" for that period, and then he expected to be "tolerably pumped out and glad enough to return to England and lie fallow." He expected that Wade would be transferred to Peking on Sir Rutherford Alcock's departure, as "Wade," he says, "who has laboured as hard as I have, and is a far more clever man, should have a chance, for which he will have waited long enough."

The four years which he then expected to serve in Japan expanded into eighteen years; and the story of this young Envoy and Minister is in the main the whole history of the "Land of the Rising Sun" in its modern civilisation and progress. He witnessed the whole of the eventful period which saw the breaking-up of the feudal system, and the overthrow of the Daimios, until the establishment of the rule of the Mikado as a constitutional monarch in "New Japan." In the progress of events the English Minister often appears to have exercised great and important services. He had said he expected he might have trials. These were of a terrible sort. He was more than once attacked, and narrowly escaped assassination. The office of the British Legation was the centre to which the representatives of all nations came for advice, and from which emanated counsels and rules beneficial to the country itself and to foreigners. Lady Parkes, who had come to assist her husband, and who remained till 1878, when she returned to England to make a home for her children, was also universally honoured and beloved. A ball given at Tokio in her honour by the English residents on her departure was attended by most of the foreign representatives and many members of the Japanese Cabinet, including Sanjo, the Prime Minister at the time. Several Japanese ladies of high rank were there—the first occasion, it is said, of a foreign entertainment being so honoured. Alas! that was the final separation from the wife whom he so loved. In the first letter which he wrote he told her how the Japanese all missed her: "They distinguished clearly between my work and yours: the former was due to my position, while yours was attributable to the impulses of a kind heart, and to your desire to assist them, and bring them forward and make foreign intercourse agreeable to them." Mrs. Sanjo and Mrs. Rawamura, two of the first Japanese ladies, in this represented the feelings of many others. "I confess that this gave me more pleasure than anything I have heard of, and it should prove to you that you have not laboured in vain. It shows that one may do good

without knowing it, or knowing that our efforts are appreciated, and that we should work for good's sake without being discouraged because we do not meet with some immediate approval or reap some open return by way of encouragement."

About this we should like only to mention further that the work of Mrs. Bishop (Isabella Bird), "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," bears this dedication: "To the memory of Lady Parkes, whose kindness and friendship are among the most treasured remembrances of Japan, these volumes are gratefully and reverently dedicated." Many references to Lady Parkes appear in Miss Bird's book, which was chiefly composed of letters written to her late sister. In one of them she says: "She has given liberally of those sympathies in sorrow, and of those acts of thoughtful and unostentatious kindness which are specially appreciated by those who are strangers in a strange land. People only need to be afflicted in mind, body, or estate to be sure of kind words and generous attempts at alleviation. She has used all the opportunities within her power to win the confidence and friendship of the upper class of Japanese women, and to encourage them to take a more active part in the influential sphere of social duty."

Lady Parkes left Japan in November, 1878. In October, 1879, a telegram from Dr. Bishop announced her dangerous condition from a chill caught at a railway station in France. Sir Harry left for England at once by the American route, but arrived four days after the death of his wife. He was just in time to be present at her funeral at Whitchurch, Stanmore, where they were married, and where her husband's body now rests beside her. Sir Harry remained in England till December, 1881, advising the Foreign Office about questions, some of which were of critical importance, especially that of treaty revision. He did not return to his legation till January, 1882. He had been summoned to Windsor, where the Queen invested him with the riband, badge and star of Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

We have no intention of giving any account of the history of New Japan, the story of which occupies the largest portion of the second volume. All details will be found in this volume, the editor of this part of the book, Mr. F. V. Dickins, having full knowledge of the subject, and having obtained all possible assistance from the relatives and friends of the Envoy, and also help from the Japanese Legation in London, notably concerning the native statesmen of the revolution. Not only the story of New Japan, but the questions connected with Corea, the Loochoo Islands, and others affecting the relations of Japan and China, are given in a clear and concise form. When Sir Harry returned to Tokio (the ancient Jeddo) he was soon again overwhelmed with business, some of it rendered more difficult by the famous Iwakura mission, where four or five of the chief statesmen, with about forty or fifty attachés, were sent on a roving commission to study Western laws and habits. What Parkes had helped were all measures of simple and practical usefulness, establishing quarantine laws, Courts of Consular juris-

diction for foreigners in Treaty ports, an Imperial mint (the first coins of which were issued by Lady Parkes), hospitals, roads and railways, expositions, toleration for all religious denominations, and a multitude of other improvements, which have given to superficial onlookers the idea of a civilised nation. But the evolution of political and social life was too hasty. *Natura non operatur per saltum* was the motto of a pamphlet by the Japanese Minister at Washington in 1883. With this native criticism the British Minister at Tokio very much agreed. The nation was hardly ripe for parliamentary institutions. The freedom of the Press is also liable to abuse. It will not be till after generations have passed that anything like the Code Napoleon will be used in Japan, or constitutional monarchy established, as we understand it.

Meanwhile, in the short period that had passed since Sir Harry's return to his post, he had been as busy as ever in receiving and entertaining strangers, some of them of high dignity, such as General Grant of the United States, Prince Henry of Prussia, the late Duke of Clarence and his brother, now Duke of York. He was a constant attendant at meetings of the Asiatic Society of Japan, and had pleasant intercourse with some of the learned professors, American or English, of the University, and with missionaries of different Churches. So the time passed till, in 1883, on the retirement of Sir Thomas Wade, he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the Emperor of China, and Chief Superintendent of Trade. This latter title had been inherited from the Honourable East India Company's agents. He was the last who bore it, and it was dropped after his death.

When the time came for leaving Japan the feeling was everywhere, and among natives as well as foreign residents, one of deep and demonstrative regret. Any slight antagonisms and controversies were utterly forgotten. The addresses from the British residents, in which all other nationalities joined, the personal honours and attentions of the Mikado and of all public men, gave proof that it was felt throughout the empire that the best friend of Japan was leaving them.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole resumes his pen in recording the closing years of the life as Minister at Peking. The appointment was received in China with acclamation. At all the European settlements from Canton to Tien-tsin, from Shanghai to Hankow, the old services had never been forgotten, and the hope was entertained that some day their old leader would come back. "We shall all look up to you in Peking as the right man in the right place," said the Consul at Shanghai. Sir Thomas Wade wrote from England: "You start fair—fairer than most men in one respect, you have the full confidence of the community," and, he added, "you know the country and people better than anyone alive. May you have strength to endure!"

Ah! this was a remark made by one who knew too well the difficulties of the post to be taken by his successor. Things are better now, but in the

short time of Sir Harry's office he was hated and feared by the Chinese courtiers as much as he was trusted and loved by all Europeans. The Marquis Tseng and Governor Li Hung Chang knew him and believed in him, but all the other high mandarins thwarted and opposed the British influence. In fact, he was so worked and so worried that his health broke down, and he had not "strength to endure." We can only add the touching words of the Honourable Nicholas R. O'Connor, his successor as her Majesty's Minister at Peking. Mr. O'Connor went there in 1884 as Secretary of Legation, and was warmly welcomed by his chief. He had gone out after some years' service in Paris. At first the China post was rather dull, but his love of Sir Harry soon made him a most loyal and devoted comrade. It is he who has told of his chief's last illness. Sir Harry sent to Mr. O'Connor a pencil note to this effect: "I tried to go on with this work, but I find I am unable to. Will you kindly do what is necessary?" Taking with him the box full of papers, Mr. O'Connor went at once to see his chief. He was reclining on the sofa, looking very pale and worn. He said, "Excuse me lying down, but I am not well, and don't quite know what is the matter." When Mr. O'Connor said, "I am afraid you are in great pain, Sir Harry!" the answer was, "Oh yes, but I can stand pain; what I cannot endure is that I cannot go on with my work. Will you kindly go on with it?" A few nights later he passed away in his sleep. "It was the work, not the fever, that killed him," says his biographer. "I saw," said Mr. O'Connor in a letter to the Consul-General at Shanghai, "that the country had lost a great Englishman, and that British interests had lost their ablest defender in the Far East."

We cannot end this notice more fitly than by referring to the words of the Duke of Connaught, who in 1890 unveiled a statue erected in Shanghai to his memory. Although little attention was given in London to the ceremony in St. Paul's when the memorial was placed in honour of one who had served his Queen and country in remote regions of the Empire, it was different in China, where his services were known, and his name truly honoured. The Duke of Connaught spoke of "the satisfaction he felt in being allowed to do this act of homage to the distinguished statesman, who had done noble service to his country, and he might say to the world. His indomitable energy and his endurance under the most severe trials, his strong sense of duty in the most difficult circumstances, made him a man who was not only respected by the sovereign and the country he served, but also by all who were brought into communication with him. We cannot forget that it was largely owing to him that Japan has now advanced so greatly in civilisation. We know, too, the great works he did here in China, and how he did everything he could to promote the interests of his countrymen and of those European Powers who wished to be in friendly intercourse with the Celestial Empire."

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

THE case of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland last year drew much attention to her offence, which was designated "Contempt of Court." She was sentenced by Sir Francis Jeune, the President of the Probate and Divorce Court, to pay a fine of £250 and to pass six weeks in retirement in Her Majesty's prison at Holloway. Whilst examining, with the Court's permission, certain writings in the custody of the Court, the Duchess came upon a paper which, as she alleged, she, rightly or wrongly, conceived herself bound by wifely concern for her dead husband's honour to destroy. Acting under this impression, she put the paper into the fire, without any attempt to conceal the act, and in doing so committed a serious contempt of Court.

The interest taken in this case led many people to wish for fuller information respecting contempts of Court. Besides the ordinary and obvious instances of misconduct or misbehaviour in courts of law, or towards Judges as administrators of law, a large class of misdemeanours are included in the wide—we had almost said vague—term "contempt of Court."

For instance, it is usually said that there is no longer imprisonment for debt in England. True; but if a Judge makes order for payment of a debt by instalments, and one of the payments is not made, the debtor is liable to imprisonment for "contempt of Court."

The charge can be made, not only for disrespect to Judges, but for disrespect to subordinate officials of the courts. An amusing instance recently occurred. A sheriff's officer went to the house of the Speaker to deliver a summons for the great man to attend as a witness in a trial. The butler refused to receive the document, and threatened to eject the officer of the law, who told the butler he would be guilty of "contempt of Court" if he laid a hand on him. The noise in the hall brought out the Speaker, to whom the officer quietly handed the summons.

It is familiarly known that a newspaper is guilty of "contempt" in publishing any opinion of its own that could be thought likely to influence the verdict of any case *sub judice*. This form of "contempt of Court" has taken root in our remotest colonies. We read that the editor or manager of a Melbourne newspaper was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment and a fine of £100 for publishing the evidence taken before the grand jury in proceedings relating to one of the Australian banks then in trouble. The publication of this evidence was punished as a case of contempt of Court.

These instances, a few out of many of recent occurrence, make it clear that the offence called contempt of Court is of very various kinds, and certainly no less frequent in the present than in former times.

Speaking of the various kinds of contempt that were firmly corrected by the court over which he presided, Lord Hardwicke remarked in the case of the printer of the "St. James's Evening Post" (Atkyns ii. p. 471), "There are three different sorts of contempt. One kind of contempt is *scandalising the Court itself*. There may be likewise a contempt of this Court in *abusing parties who are concerned in cases here*. There may also be a contempt of this Court in *prejudicing mankind against persons before the cause is heard*." Blackstone and other juridical authors say much of the various malfeasances that are checked and punished as contempts by Judges of the Supreme Courts and by Justices at Assizes. But I am not aware of any definition of contempt of Court that is at the same time so comprehensive and concise as the definition given by Mr. James Francis Oswald in his excellent book on "Contempt of Court, Committal and Attachment, and Arrest upon Civil Process" (William Clowes and Sons, Limited, 1892). "Speaking generally," says the author of this sound and thoughtful treatise, "contempt of Court may be said to be constituted by any conduct that tends to bring the authority and administration of the law into disrespect or disregard, or to interfere with, or prejudice, parties litigant or their witnesses during the litigation." To publish in pamphlet or newspaper comments on a legal cause before it has come to a hearing, or whilst it is still being heard, is to commit a contempt of Court, because the practice of publishing such premature comments may defeat justice, or at least impede its course, by "prejudicing mankind against persons before the cause is heard." To assault or otherwise insult a Judge, either in his court or its immediate precinct, is a contempt of Court because to do so tends to lower his authority in the regard of those who come to him for justice. To create a disturbance in a court of justice is an act of contempt because the disturbance tends to bring the Court into discredit, and to impede the transaction of its proper business. To deter or attempt to deter a solicitor, or a juror, or a witness by menace from discharging faithfully and efficiently his duty in a court of justice, is to commit a contempt of Court because the administration of justice requires that solicitors, jurors, and witnesses should discharge their respective functions under favourable conditions. For the same reason it is a contempt of Court for a person to offer solicitors, jurors, and witnesses money or any other reward for neglecting to do their appointed work in the interest of suitors.

Whilst the various acts that constitute contempts of Court are too many to be enumerated here, the neglects or misdemeanours of omission that may be dealt with by Judges as contempts of Court are no less numerous. For example, every officer of a



court who fails to do a duty devolving upon him in his official capacity is in respect to the particular neglect guilty of a contempt, for which he may be punished at the discretion of the Court. The omission of a solicitor to pay money into court in obedience to an order for its payment and a suitor's neglect to obey a judicial requirement are contempts of Court, because such remissness or disobedience may bring the Court into social disregard, and necessarily tends in some degree to impede the course of justice. By bearing in mind that every action, and every forbearance from action, that tends to lower the authority and credit of the law, or to interfere with or prejudice litigants or their witnesses during litigation, is either a distinct contempt of Court or at least an irregularity savouring of contempt, the intelligent reader will experience no great difficulty in discovering and realising for himself the various offences which Judges are authorised to stay and correct by summary process for the orderly and effectual transaction of the business of their respective courts.

The mildest and least reprehensible of all the various contempts of Court occurs when strong excitement causes the persons present at a trial to speak together in a way that, without rising to scandalous uproar, moves the officers of the court to cry aloud for silence. When the offenders against curial decorum persist in making a noise when they have been thus called to order, they are guilty of graver contempt, which the presiding Judge is quick to stay and punish by ordering that the court be cleared of the disturbers. To persist in making uproar when this order has been given, or, still worse, to offer any kind of resistance to officers in the execution of the order, is to commit a contempt that is properly punished by the arrest and committal to prison of the offender or offenders.

Blackstone says: "The most flagrant kind of contempt of Court is direct, and consists in some open and spontaneous insult or resistance to the persons of the Judges or the powers of the Court" (*vide* "Commentaries," Book IV. c. 20). If wild Prince Hal (in his later time Henry v) made the uproar and attempt to rescue a prisoner which he is alleged by Sir Thomas Elyot in "The Governor" (1534) to have made in the Court of King's Bench, he was guilty of "the most flagrant kind of contempt of Court," and was most properly committed to prison for the offence by the presiding Judge, Chief Justice Gascoigne, who has been so extravagantly extolled by historians and poets for the mere performance of his manifest duty. But as there is no official record of the occurrence, as the earliest account of the matter appeared some hundred and twenty-five years after the approximate date of the alleged incident, and as Sir Thomas Elyot gives no authority for the statement, critical students are certainly justified in questioning whether Prince Hal offended and suffered for his offence, in the manner set forth by the not authoritative writer of Henry VIII's time. It is needless to say that Shakespeare's apparent belief of the anecdote is no reason why students in this period of historical research should

regard the dubious tradition as a piece of sound history.

By "standing mute," *i.e.* forbearing to speak when he is called upon to confess or plead "not guilty" to an indictment, a prisoner commits a contempt of Court that was in former time punished by the offender's immediate consignment to the *peine forte et dure*, the hideous and revolting discipline by which the culprit was pressed to death under heavy weights put upon his extended body for having interfered with the course of justice by forbearing to do what the Court required him to do. As a prisoner on his arraignment for any felony short of high treason could avoid forfeiture, and so save his offspring from extreme destitution by forbearing to confess or plead, this contempt of Court was of frequent occurrence in the criminal courts before the twelfth year of George III's reign, in which year it was enacted "that every person who, being arraigned for felony or piracy, should stand mute or not answer directly to the offence should be convicted of the same," a provision that was superseded by the statute 7 and 8 George IV, c. 28, s. 1, which enacted that "if any person being arraigned for treason, felony, piracy, or misdemeanour shall stand mute of malice, or will not answer directly to the indictment or information, it shall be lawful for the Court, if it think fit, to order the proper officer to enter a plea of not guilty on behalf of such person, and the plea so entered shall have the same effect as if such person had actually pleaded the same." To "stand mute" under the stated circumstances still remains a contempt, though it has become a contempt which Judges forbear to punish, now that they possess a more easy and less objectionable means of dealing with the offence and the offender.

The record of what may be called a two-fold contempt of Court is preserved in the Middlesex County Records of the time of James I. At the Assize of Gaol Delivery, held at the Justice Hall of the Old Bailey on July 10 and divers following days of the seventh regnal year of James I, Robert Allaley, yeoman, was arraigned on an indictment charging him and other persons with having stolen divers household goods and chattels from the dwelling-house of Humfrey Lyne, gentleman, at Kyngesberry (Kingsbury), co. Middlesex, on the 12th day of June last. Robert Allaley was an old offender. He had already been convicted of a capital felony, for which he had received the King's conditional pardon, the condition of the pardon being that he should henceforth be of peaceful bearing towards the said lord the King and all his lieges. On his arraignment for the felony done at Kingsbury, Robert Allaley, instead of confessing the charge or pleading "not guilty," stood mute, and for that contempt of Court was forthwith committed to the *peine forte et dure*, in the execution of which sentence he would have been stripped of nearly all his clothing, thrown upon his back on the ground of a dungeon, bound fast with cords, and slowly pressed to death with heavy weights. The culprit escaped this punishment for a comparatively common contempt of the criminal court through his sudden and impulsive



perpetration of a second and more unusual contempt—at least more unusual at the Old Bailey.

Obedying the order of the Court, the gaoler of Newgate, one Robert Kemmicke, was in the act of leading Robert Allaley to the appointed dungeon, when the latter, in a sudden gust of rage, turned on the officer and struck him. To strike a blow either in the King's palace or its precinct, the same sovereign lord being then present in the palace, was an offence punishable with the loss of the offender's right hand. Every high court of justice was in the eye of the law one of the sovereign's palaces. Moreover it was sound legal doctrine that, when any Judge of Assize was presiding in a court as his sovereign's personal representative, and dispensing justice in the King's name, all loyal subjects of the same dread sovereign were bound to regard his Majesty as being then and there present, and to regard all things then and there done as done in the King's presence.

It followed that, besides being a contempt of Court, the blow given by Robert Allaley to Robert Kemmicke was an act of contempt against the King himself. By the act of violence offered to the gaoler within the King's palace, Robert Allaley had forfeited his right hand. Yet more, by the same act of violence Robert Allaley had forfeited the pardon of his previous felony, which had been granted under condition that he should henceforth bear himself peacefully towards all the King's lieges. Seeing these points of the culprit's case, the Court gave judgment forthwith that Robert Allaley's right hand should then and there be cut off, and that immediately after losing his hand he should, out of regard to his previous conviction and the forfeited pardon, be hung at the gate of the Justice Hall, for the edification of all persons passing along the Old Bailey. This sentence was carried out. The wretched man's right hand was cut off in the presence of his Judges, and a few minutes later his lifeless body dangled at the end of a rope at the gate of a court-house.

A recent case of what Blackstone calls "the most flagrant kind of contempt of Court" occurred in March, 1877, in one of the courts of Chancery. In that year and month Vice-Chancellor Malins was in the act of leaving his court in Lincoln's Inn, a court adjoining the similar chamber in which the still surviving Vice-Chancellor Bacon used to mete out justice to suitors, when a citizen of the United States threw an egg at him. Returning to his seat in a court that was greatly excited by so unseemly an incident, the Vice-Chancellor ordered that the man should be arrested, and then proceeded to commit him to prison. The misdemeanant having been removed from the court, Vice-Chancellor Malins made light of the affair by observing with piquant and seasonable pleasantry that the egg must surely have been intended for his brother *Bacon*. When he had passed some five months in prison, the perpetrator of this contempt was taken on board a ship bound for New York, and remitted to a country where republican institutions and manners have trained our transatlantic cousins to sit

calmly in a court of justice whilst an angry suitor inveighs against the Judge for being a worthless "old hoss," and emphasises his more free than courteous strictures on judicial incapacity by throwing an onion or an old boot at the head of the valueless animal.

Barristers, whilst speaking in the interest of their clients, are allowed a measure of elocutionary license that is denied to all other persons in a court of justice; but even they are liable to attachment and committal when they greatly exceed the limits of forensic propriety. Though the menace was not executed, the famous and admirable Erskine, who fought his way with dauntless courage and unsullied honour at the Bar from penury to the woolsack, provoked from Mr. Justice Buller a threat of committal if he persisted in opposing the Court on a question touching the record of the verdict, by which a jury in the Shrewsbury Court-house had just declared the Dean of St. Asaph (Dean Shipley) "guilty of publishing only," whilst they forbore to give any opinion as to the legal nature of the pamphlet, to wit, the famous Sir William Jones's "Dialogue between a Gentleman and a Farmer."

The vehement altercation between one of the most worthy Judges and the most masterly advocate of George III's time closed in this manner:

*Erskine*: I desire your Lordship, sitting here as Judge, to record the verdict as given by the jury.

*Mr. Justice Buller*: You say he is guilty of publishing the pamphlet, and that the meaning of the innuendoes is as stated in the indictment.

*Juror*: Certainly.

*Erskine*: Is the word "only" to stand part of the verdict?

*Juror*: Certainly.

*Erskine*: Then I insist it shall be recorded.

*Mr. Justice Buller*: Then the verdict must be misunderstood; let me understand the jury.

*Erskine*: The jury do understand their verdict.

*Mr. Justice Buller*: Sir, I will not be interrupted.

*Erskine*: I stand here as an advocate for a brother-citizen, and I desire that the word "only" may be recorded.

*Mr. Justice Buller*: Sit down, sir; remember your duty, or I shall be obliged to proceed in another manner.

*Erskine*: Your Lordship may proceed in what manner you think fit; I know my duty as well as your Lordship knows yours. I shall not alter my conduct.

Fortunately for his reputation, the Judge yielded to the advocate's stronger will, and forbore to repeat the menace of commitment. Had he committed Erskine for what Lord Campbell justly calls "this noble stand for the independence of the Bar," the incident would have enhanced the lustre of the advocate's splendid fame, and put a blot on the Judge's fair record.

For several and weighty reasons Judges are slow to reduce counsel to silence. How far barristers may go in the way of contemptuous resistance to judicial authority without incurring commitment, readers may learn by referring to a full report of the famous Tichborne trial, and observing what license was permitted to Dr. Kenealy by a Judge who certainly stood in no awe of that wrong-headed and rancorous barrister.

The origin of the several powers exercised by Judges for the correction of contempts and the

ordering of their courts being hidden from view by the mists of antiquity, nothing can be urged against the opinion of the jurists who maintain that in all probability the powers which are so likely to be abused, and in former times were so often abused by Judges of a despotic temper and overbearing will, came into existence at the first institution of the courts themselves.

Speaking from his judicial seat of the greatest and most dangerous of those needful powers, that strong Judge, sound lawyer, and excellent man, Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls, gave utterance to these memorable words :

"It seems to me that this jurisdiction of committing for contempt, being practically arbitrary and unlimited, should be most jealously and carefully watched and exercised, if I may say so, with the greatest reluctance and the greatest anxiety on the part of Judges, to see whether there is no other mode, which is not open to the objection of arbitrariness, and can be brought to bear on the subject. I say that a Judge should be most careful to see that the cause cannot be fairly prosecuted to a hearing, unless this extreme mode of dealing with persons brought before him on accusations of contempt should be adopted. I have myself had on many occasions to consider this jurisdiction, and I have always thought that, necessary though it be, it is necessary only in the sense in which extreme measures are sometimes necessary to preserve men's rights, that is, if no other remedy can be found. Probably that will be discovered after consideration to be the true measure of the exercise of the jurisdiction."

Sir George Jessel acted in accordance with the maxim and spirit of these thoughtful words when it devolved upon him to decide what course ought to be taken for the restraint and correction of the doer of an especially outrageous contempt of Court. In February 1878 (just upon eleven months after the American fool threw the egg at Vice-Chancellor Malins), Sir George Jessel was in the act of entering the Rolls House, in order to discharge his judicial functions in the Rolls Court, when a disappointed and vindictive suitor drew a pistol from his pocket and fired it at the Judge. Fortunately the attempt to destroy a most valuable life was futile. The ball having missed its mark, the miscreant was promptly arrested. The assault having been committed in the precinct of the Rolls Court, when the Judge, though not actually discharging any judicial function, was in the performance of his official duty, Sir George would have been justified in proceeding against the culprit for so egregious a contempt by the exercise of his arbitrary power. But Sir George wisely determined to leave the affair to the ordinary criminal law. Proceeded against by criminal indictment at the Central Criminal Court, the offender was dealt with effectively.

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

### Isandula.

NEAR the close of the dim day  
That saw defeat of England's pride,  
Two horsemen cleave their torrent way  
Through the dusk o'erwhelming tide  
Of those who hurl the assegai,  
Ruin yawns about their ride,  
Swarthy warriors mown like hay,  
Carrying with them England's colours  
From the field of death and dolours,  
Riding from Isandula.

Never draw they bridle rein,  
Followed by the loud pursuit,  
Their swift gallop burns the plain,  
Until either gallant brute  
Failing with the mighty strain,  
Faints with ebbing life,—on foot  
Carrying with them England's colours  
From the field of death and dolours,  
After dark Isandula.

They have reached the swollen river,  
Lurid twilight falls around,  
One cries, "Comrade, now or never,"  
Both have plunged in the profound,  
For the goal of their endeavour  
Is to land on English ground.  
From their flag no fiend may sever !  
They will save old England's colours  
From the field of death and dolours,  
Flying from Isandula !

Two warriors on the further shore,  
Whose crimson glows with other red,  
Gashed, and water-stained, and frore,  
Their countrymen discover dead.  
Our colours round their waist they wore,  
Royal on their lowly bed !  
England on their heart they bore ;  
Wound in emblems of Her glory,  
She remembers them in story,  
Weeping for Isandula !

RODEN NOEL.



ON THE VOLGA.

## THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE.

HOW THEY LIVE, THINK, AND LABOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE," ETC.

### RUSSIA.—II.

#### COTTON AND SILK INDUSTRIES.

**R**USSIAN industries are not numerous. Many small crafts exist, but few manufactures, and those are chiefly confined to Odessa and its neighbourhood. The most interesting branch of Russian industry is the textile. Every year the Russian people are able to manage with less thread drawn from abroad. In cotton goods Russia has arrived at a singular degree of perfection, both with regard to quality, precision of workmanship, originality of design, and cheapness. The cotton industry in Russia has been subjected to the same changes as in other countries—that is to say, it is inclined to concentrate itself, and large establishments absorb smaller ones. It is noteworthy that hand-industries have not yet disappeared in Russia. Russian dyeing is of the most perfect kind; the red colour which is the favourite tint of the people is given in such a manner as to render it not only perfectly ingrain, but of a brilliancy such as no other peoples can attain.

With regard to the production of silk goods, the origin of this industry must be sought in the Russia of the seventeenth century. It has increased enormously since that day; especially since 1855 there has been a largely increased demand for these goods. Owing to the extension of Russian possessions in Central Asia, Russia is able to furnish her own raw silk to her manufacturers. The distinctive trait of this industry consists in the fact that the silk is largely wrought by hand and produced in small workshops. The silk industry flourishes principally in the governments of Moscow and Vladimir.

Russian gold and silver cloths have long been celebrated; their design is according to national Muscovite taste and very magnificent, though at times a little bizarre. Woollen goods, leather work, and linen have made enormous progress.

#### HOME HANDICRAFTS.

The peasants in winter work largely at small handicrafts in their own houses. There are entire villages in which the inhabitants are occupied in carving and painting the wooden façades of houses, others in which they turn out those lacquered wooden cups used as ornaments in the rest of Europe, but which serve the Russian peasants in place of plates. Some villages are entirely devoted to the painting of ikons or Russian sacred images.

The women are exceedingly clever at lacework; they make it both coloured, white, and cream. When coloured, blue and red generally predominate. They also make exquisite embroideries on cloth and linen. Here too the Russian colours, blue and red, predominate, with occasionally an intermixture of yellow. These embroideries are made in cross-stitch according to designs invented by the peasants themselves which are often both bizarre and beautiful.

#### RUSSIAN COOKING.

The Russians are fond of good living, and have invented a number of national dishes peculiar to themselves. The first place amongst these is taken by the *zakouska*, a species of *hors-d'œuvre*, which consists of an infinite variety of salted and spiced dishes of all sorts and kinds, which are served at a

table apart, and which are eaten standing before going to dinner, with the idea that they help to whet the appetite. They are strong also in confectioneries and sweets; and they make a certain kind known as *pastila*, a sort of paste of fruits, for which the town of Kief has a speciality, as well as spiced bread made of honey and almonds, which is the pride of the town of Viazma. Another favourite dish is *khalva*, a paste of almonds and honey, which is sold in boxes and largely consumed in Lent. It often takes the place of cream in tea.

#### ARTS AND CRAFTS.

Russian arts and crafts merit being better known outside the empire. There is, for example, a certain ware, called *Laukautinski*, from the name of its inventor, which can vie with the choicest products of Japan. Like Japanese ware, it has a strong firm lacquer, red inside and black out, and on this are painted figures in enamel, landscapes, groups. Here too blue and red colours seem to be the favourites, with an occasional intermixture of gold. Boxes of all dimensions, album covers, cigarette cases, portfolios, etc., are all turned out in this ware, which unfortunately is exceedingly expensive, and but for this fact would perhaps be more widely known in the West. Its effectiveness as well as durability is beyond praise.

Russian gold and silver smith work is of the first class, and always worthily competes at the great international exhibitions; as regards workmanship, solidity of handling, and originality of design, these products are admirable in the extreme.

Russian carpenters turn out tasteful furniture. This furniture is not only made in the national styles which have been resuscitated with great skill, but in the shapes of the best epochs of French art, especially in the styles of Louis XIV and XV. The influence which French art and artists exerted in Russia in the eighteenth century still exists, in defiance of the German invasion and the evolution of fashion.

These two industries—the carpenter's and the silversmith's—have followed the movements of the national renaissance, under the impulse of those initiators who have found active support at court and in the aristocratic world. At the time that the Emperor Alexander III expressed his wish that the national female costumes should take the place of honour at the official balls, he gave to the silversmiths and jewellers orders to execute works of art which should follow faithfully the Muscovite models. He did not even hesitate to order them to copy such ancient styles as were found in the excavations made on the Cimmerian Bosphorus.

#### MINERAL WEALTH.

Though 19 per cent. of Russian soil is unproductive and 38 per cent. is covered with forests, the mineral wealth of the empire is not inconsiderable. The first place is taken by petroleum. The extraction of this oil is confined almost exclusively to the Caucasus and the neighbourhood of Baku. Petroleum is also found in the Crimea, and in the Trans-Caspian provinces. Seventy-four per cent. of this petroleum is utilised in the country, the rest

is exported. Russia also possesses some gold-mines; these are chiefly situated in Eastern Siberia. Silver is found in the mines of the Altai. Lead is only extracted in Russia as a secondary product for the treatment of argentiferous minerals. The production of lead is greatly inferior to the demands of the country. The empire possesses in all twenty-one copper-foundries; the chief productive centres are the Caucasus and the Ural. The production has greatly developed during the last five years, supplying nine-tenths of the indigenous requirements. One hundred and sixteen copper-mines are worked in the empire. At Toula there are many manufactories for the output of articles made of copper, iron, and tin. It is this city that has the speciality of manufacturing those Russian tea-urns known as *samovar*. The zinc industry of Russia is almost exclusively concentrated in the provinces of Poland. The production only furnishes about seventy-four per cent. of the demand, the rest has to be imported. Mercury is worked in a single spot, near to the station of Mikitouke, but so great is the output that Russia has begun to export mercury. The iron industry is very important; iron-mines are found in the Ural, in the south, and in Poland; but nevertheless England and Germany furnish Russia with the greater part of the coal she consumes. This is owing to the fact that, though plenty of coal exists, the mining does not seem to be well understood.

#### CEREALS.

The culture of cereals has augmented and continues to augment in the regions of the steppes, and above all in the south-east. Rye is much grown in Russia. Climatic conditions account for this. The whole of the north of Russia and a large part of the central zone is little adapted for the cultivation of wheat. The system of the triennial rotation of crops is still practised in Russia as the basis of the agricultural régime. There is a great lack of manure, due to the antiquated methods of cattle-breeding. The mean annual rye harvest for the last seven years has been some 794,000,000 of pounds, of which 78,000,000 are exported. The quantity necessary for the internal consumption is 776,000,000 of pounds plus 212,000,000 for seed. The natural riches of the Russian soil are immense, but man does not utilise well what nature has given with so generous a hand.

The importation of manufactured products has diminished of late, owing to high import duties, but also because indigenous production is more and more able to satisfy the needs of the Russian people. The ancient fairs are gradually losing their commercial importance, though that of Nijni-Novgorod still plays a great part in Russian trade relations. The regulations with regard to commerce are sufficiently liberal. There are no octroi duties. Russia has recently revised its customs duties; the new tariff which came into force in July 1891 lowered the prices for import of a large number of articles.

#### MARITIME RUSSIA.

Maritime Russia presents a certain variety of aspect according to the locality in which the ports





OLD CLOTHES MARKET, MOSCOW.

upon the Baltic without thus abandoning the Caspian and the Volga, seeking by means of this great eastern river a new outlet which should put him in communication with the West. Thus by the Tilvinka Canal and the Ladoga, the Neva has become the northern mouth, the European estuary of the Volga. The aspect of the Imperial city is fairy-like, no matter from what point of view it is seen.

It impresses above all by its character of grandeur. A large, deep, and impetuous river flows through it, whose various arms seem to embrace a floating town. It is further intersected by wide canals, giving it altogether the aspect of a northern Venice. Quays of granite, flanked by sumptuous palaces, bound the waters of the Neva; spacious and

are situated. The leading port of Russia is St. Petersburg, the capital constructed by Peter the Great. The grandeur of the creation of this capital consists in the fact that the Czar placed it

symmetrical streets intersect the town, which also possesses large public squares, often ornamented with fine monuments. In winter the bed of the Neva becomes one sheet of ice, and is changed

into a solid boulevard, where thousands of sledges and thousands of skaters disport themselves. Kronstadt is the next important town in the empire. It is a fortified city, magnificently situated amid splendid scenery in the Bay of Finland. Its fortifications, which are of the newest character, cost the country over three hundred millions. It also possesses splendid docks, arsenals, and a military and naval hospital.

After this follows, both for military and commercial importance, the city of Odessa, situated on the Black Sea. The commercial portion includes good shops and a number of manufactories. The fashionable quarter is sumptuous in aspect, with boulevards planted with acacias that skirt the heights of the cliff, while a magnificent stairway of hundreds of steps leads to the sea. Large squares, public gardens, parks, and pretty villas give to this city a European physiognomy. Its houses are nearly all built in the Italian style. Odessa ranks as one of the most beautiful cities of

although in winter this is closed by ice. In the centre of the town Riga still preserves an entirely mediæval aspect. Salt and herrings represent its chief imports and exports. Helsingfors, built on a tongue of land in the Bay of Finland, is the capital of that Duchy. It has recently been formidably fortified, and is held to be impregnable. An active navigation favours commerce, while the plentiful water-supply works the local industries.

#### THE VOLGA.

Astrakhan, the chief town of government on the eastern banks of the Volga, is a military port and an arsenal in which exist considerable shipbuilding yards. This town is the sole outlet of a territory three times larger than France. Unfortunately a shallow harbour and a bar hinder access. The town itself, with its suburbs, presents varied aspects according to the populations that inhabit it. Thus some quarters and some streets have an entirely



A PEASANT GIRL OF GREAT RUSSIA.

the Russian empire. Its industries are very varied and very active, and have largely been favoured by the opening of the Suez Canal.

Riga, the capital of the Baltic provinces, takes an important place in the empire, although a bar makes its channel difficult of approach, and

European physiognomy, while others are quite Asiatic. Russians, Armenians, Greeks, Persians, Tartars, Turcomans, Kalmucks live side by side in this city. Taken all in all, however, it may be said of Astrakhan that it is a dirty, ill-paved place, subject to periodical and disastrous

inundations. The canals that traverse it are covered with boats, for although its industries in morocco and other leathers have taken a certain expansion, its primary importance as a commercial place is to be sought for in the inexhaustible fishery resources of the Volga. Caviar, dried and salted fish, and Astrakhan fur it exports in great quantities.

The shores that offer the most signs of life and activity in Russia are certainly those of the Volga, which has a course of 3,778 kilometres, and is the river *par excellence* of Russia. Its animation culminates at certain epochs of the year, and especially in the spring—that is to say, at the time of the thaw, when 200,000 labourers come from all parts of its shores, 15,000 barques and 500 steamers plough its waters. It is then that Kostroma, Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, Simbirsk, Samara, Saratov, and Astrakhan are filled with movement and sound.

#### SHIPBUILDING.

Ships both for the mercantile and the naval service are usually built in Russia by Russian workmen, but, though Russian naval engineers are occasionally employed, it is more common to seek those of England and Germany. Shipbuilding increases every year. Besides the war-ships of the Imperial navy there are owned by various navigation societies fine mercantile vessels—for example, a society called the Society of the Volunteer Fleet—which in time of war furnish a contingent to the Imperial fleet.

#### MILITARY SERVICE.

As in all other countries, so too in Russia, military expenses have increased annually at an alarming rate, while curiously enough the expenses for the navy have not grown in the same proportion. As against 848 millions of francs spent for the army in 1886, 948 millions were spent in 1890. Since the establishment of the law of January 1874 every Russian subject who is able to bear arms owes military service to his country from his twentieth to his forty-third year. The Russian army, like that of other countries, is divided into various categories, of which one is designated by the name of *Opolchinie* or national militia, and forms a species of reserve for the territorial army. The young men of the educated classes are only obliged to give two years of active service. There are also conditional volunteers who are classed into two categories according to the degree of their instruction. Those of the first class are only obliged to give one year of active service, those of the second have to give two years. The contingents from Poland and the Baltic provinces are scattered over the entire army. Special regiments have special zones. The Imperial guard is recruited among the best subjects and the handsomest men of Imperial Russia. In Finland military service begins at the age of twenty-one. With regard to the Cossacks, their territories are subject to a special recruitment.

The total active and reserved categories of this force consist of seventeen contingents of 15,000 men, all completely instructed, forming a total of 255,000 soldiers. The ataman or supreme chief of the Cossacks is the Czarevitch.

The recruitment of the active army corps is



SOUTH-RUSSIAN WOMAN.

ensured by the innumerable military schools of different degree. The school called the Corps of the Pages of the Emperor consists entirely of the sons of high functionaries and of young men of noble families, whom the sovereign has called around him. The pupils of this corps of pages have the privilege of issuing from their schools with the grade of sub-lieutenant in the guards, infantry, and cavalry, even if no vacancies exist, provided they have obtained a high number of marks at their exit examinations.

The only sons of families are exempt from military service and from conscription. When the law of 1894 shall have had full effect, Russia will dispose of some eight or nine millions of soldiers. The Russians are not opposed to military service, and the conscription seems in no wise to affect the population or to disturb the tenor of their lives. It is only the commercial classes who show some dislike to the military service. Military service for the unlettered lasts seven years.

Military men and all government functionaries receive large pensions, an entire pension after



twenty-five years of service, half pension after twelve and a half. The widows and orphans of officers and other government servants receive pensions according to the number of years that their husbands or fathers have served, and the children are admitted with ease into the schools and colleges at the expense of the government. The amount of pension varies according to the place filled by the functionaries. The Crown always recompenses very largely services rendered to it. There is perhaps too marked a difference between the salaries paid and the pensions given to the higher and lower classes of public servants.

Taken as a whole, it has been said that the conscription helps on Russian civilisation. The soldiers return to their homes intellectually enriched. They

prerogative of nominating the ecclesiastical dignitaries. Not that the Czar is an ecclesiastical character, but he is looked upon as the supreme chief, the anointed of the Lord, chosen by the Divine hand to guard and direct his people, both from a religious as well as a civil point of view. In dogmatic questions, however, the Czar has no influence. The Ecumenical Councils are the only authorities that decide. The Holy Synod was first instituted in 1721 and had its chief seat at Moscow, but in the course of time it was transferred to St. Petersburg. It is the highest court of appeal in all religious matters, but its acts are of no value unless these have been approved by the Emperor as the supreme head of the Church. The Holy Synod is composed of eight prelates, chosen by the sovereign



PEASANTS NEAR KUNTSEVO.

have learnt to read and write, and they have profited by seeing strange lands and strange peoples. In this aspect the military education is useful to all classes, but above all to the peasants.

#### THE HOLY SYNOD.

The administration of the Church is confided to an assemblage of bishops and dignitaries who compose what is called the Holy Synod. The Czar nominates the members, the Emperors of Russia having exercised this privilege since the days of Peter the Great. In this wise was established the supremacy of the civil power in religious matters. The Russian Church is an essentially national church. The Czar is supreme master of the hierarchy. He exercises, in company with the Holy Synod, the

from among the highest dignitaries of the Church, such as metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, one of whom acts as President.<sup>1</sup>

The number of Orthodox believers in Russia was estimated in 1891 as 70,000,000, that is about two-thirds of the total population. Russia also counts a considerable number of different religious sects, among whom the chief are the Raskolniki or Old Believers, whose rites differ in various respects from those practised in the Orthodox Church. Any other religions except the Orthodox national are entirely dependent upon the Minister of the Interior.

<sup>1</sup> The guiding spirit of the Synod is the lay procurator, appointed by the Emperor and filling in effect the position of Minister of Religion. His position makes him one of the most powerful men in the empire.



## THE BLACK CLERGY, AND WHITE.

The Russian clergy is divided into two classes, the black clergy and the white clergy. The first class includes the monks, from among whom the high ecclesiastical dignitaries are always chosen. The black clergy must be celibates. The white clergy or secular clergy, which includes priests, deacons, archpriests, are obliged to marry, but they are forbidden to marry a second time in case they are left widowers. The revenue of bishops is sufficiently considerable to permit them to keep up a good appearance in society. Their alimentary *régime*, however, is that of the cloister, and strictly limited to fish and vegetables.

Every bishop is assisted by a consistory, a species of ecclesiastical council, which acts for the diocese in the same way as the Holy Synod acts for the empire. Every bishop has under him at least one monastery, of which the superior has the right to be a member of the consistory.

The number of Russian monasteries may be calculated approximately at 550, with about 11,000 monks and 18,000 nuns.

## PLEBEIAN DEACONESSSES.

Russia also owns a certain number of Tchernitzi (women dressed in black), a species of béguine or plebeian deaconesses who, without taking any vows, live in common and in celibacy, and practise prayer and fasting. Each, however, retains complete control of her private fortune and of her liberty. There are also various congregations

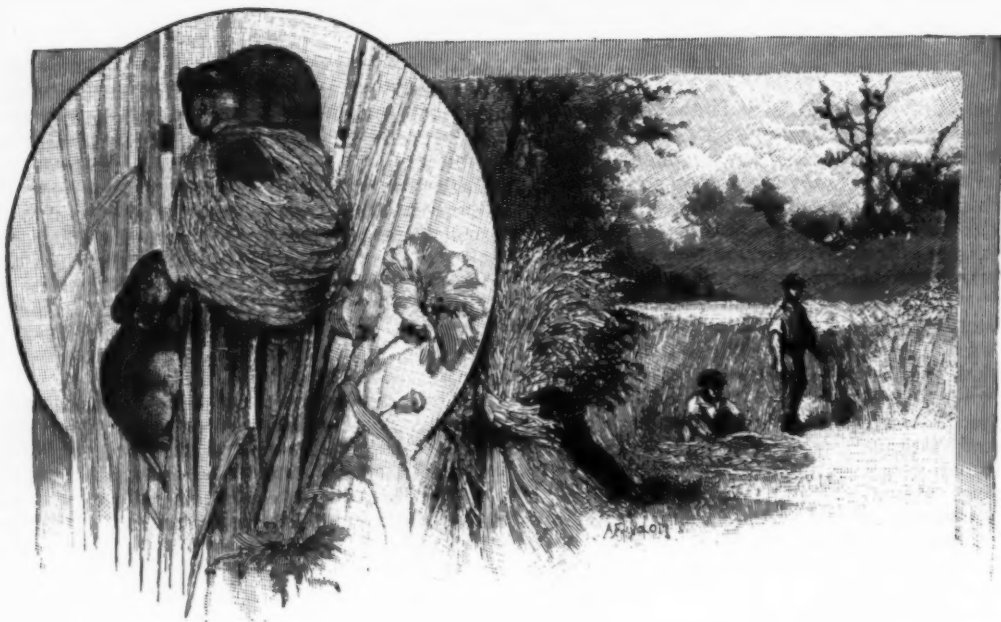
of sisters of charity devoted to the care of the sick, the infirm, and the poor. But these institutions are not looked upon as religious, those who belong to them taking no vows. The sisters of charity represent a corporation instituted during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 under the patronage of the Empress Maria Alexandra. They were first intended only to nurse the wounded soldiers, but after the war was ended they were dispersed over the whole empire, and now have charge of the hospitals.

## PROTOPOPES.

The *élite* of the urban priests is formed of the protopopes or archpriests of a parish. These protopopes fulfil the function of inspectors of the parochial clergy. They may rise to filling a seat in the Holy Synod, but their marriage prevents them from entering the episcopacy. The ignorance, the isolation, and above all the poverty of the village popes renders their position an extremely sad one. They receive no money from the State, or only a very trifling sum. In the provinces they may receive as much as 300 roubles a year, in the country only 100 roubles, so that they are obliged in large part to depend for their subsistence upon their parishioners, under the form of casual alms-givings, gratifications on the occasion of bestowing the sacraments, and so forth. This manner of seeking their maintenance from those that are under them gives to the ministry of the Russian pope a venal character which greatly detracts from the dignity of his position.



NIJNI-NOVGOROD.



## Second Thoughts on Books.

A Tennyson  
Note.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's delightful volume, "Tennyson: his Art and Relation to Modern Life," is meant to be a book of exposition and criticism; but it is not wanting in interesting information as well, especially as regards the emendations and additions or excisions by which the poet so constantly strove to perfect his work. There is, however, a note (p. 319) which indicates a little gap in the knowledge of the well-equipped critic. Mr. Brooke writes:

"The stamen-bearing flowers of the yew are covered with an abundant yellow pollen, which the wind disperses. Each flower sends up its little puff of sulphur-coloured smoke. . . . This smoking of the yew seized on Tennyson's observing fancy. He added a stanza to 'In Memoriam' in order to use it in the poem: [xxxix.]"

Now it is quite true that the thirty-ninth canto, or stanza as Mr. Brooke calls it, of "In Memoriam" was an after-thought (I think that it first made its appearance in the eleventh edition); but this account of its origin is hardly complete, and the full story is sufficiently interesting to deserve a paragraph to itself.

The yew had made a previous appearance in the poem, in the second canto, beginning,

"Old yew, which graspest at the stones,"

and containing the following stanzas:

"The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the firstling to the flock;  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale,  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom."

It will be seen that the obvious inference from the italicised lines is that the yew is a flowerless tree, of absolutely unbroken gloom; and Lord Tennyson's instinct for scientific accuracy demanded a correction. The original canto was allowed to stand, but the new canto was added to supplement the imperfect statement.

"Old warder of these buried bones,  
And answering now my random stroke  
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,  
To thee too comes the golden hour  
When flower is feeling after flower;  
But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,—  
What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
And passes into gloom again."

It will be felt that the history of the canto adds to its intrinsic beauty a new element of interest.—N.

Keats at  
Hampstead.

Nothing could have been more grateful to the lovers of poetry than the gift from America to England of a bust of John Keats, and the charm of the gift was enhanced by the happy resolution to carry it to Hampstead, the home of that wonderful poet's glory and of his sorrow. It was there that his most exquisite poems were written; it was there that he loved so passionately and so vainly; and it was there that he lost his brother and received himself the warning of an early death.

The short life of Keats—he died at twenty-six—was dedicated to Poetry, and it was no presumption

but rather a noble sense of power, that led him to say, "I think I shall be among the English Poets." Not only is his place among them secure, but for imaginative charm and for consummate execution he ranks with the highest. Much that he wrote has the luxuriant extravagance of youthful fancy. His imagination runs riot in *Endymion*, which nevertheless is a poet's work throughout; but in a little time he escaped from this immaturity of art, to write such poems as *St. Agnes' Eve* and *Hyperion*, the *Ode to a Nightingale* and the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. These and half a dozen more poems of consummate beauty ensure to Keats his place among the immortals. In his verse we have "infinite riches in a little room." While loving his poetry, we can also love the man; for his nature, with all its waywardness and irritability, was most winning. It has been said that "no man who ever lived has inspired in his friends a deeper or more devoted affection," and as a proof of this, witness the love of the artist Severn that led him to sacrifice his prospects while watching for months the painful deathbed of the poet. It was, we believe, from this artist's portrait of his friend that Miss Anne Whitney, of Boston, executed the striking bust which is now placed in the parish church of Hampstead.

The associations of Hampstead with literature and art are too numerous to be mentioned in a short paragraph; but with regard to Keats and Coleridge, it is interesting and pathetic to recall an incident which was not alluded to at the memorial meeting. One of the speakers said that he believed Wordsworth and Keats met at Hampstead, but this is, we think, little more than a conjecture. The two poets did dine together in London at Haydon's, but it is very unlikely either that Wordsworth found his way to Hunt's cottage in the Vale of Health or that Keats was the guest of Mr. Hoare, whose home on the "breezy Heath" was frequented from time to time during the early years of the century by a whole nest of singing birds.

Thither came Crabbe and Campbell, Wordsworth and Rogers, Scott, Joanna Baillie, and Tom Moore. Southey may have been welcomed also under that hospitable roof and so may Coleridge, who was living two miles away, but this is uncertain. We know, however, that in 1819 Coleridge and Keats met in the fields between Highgate and Hampstead and walked together with a third companion for two miles, while Coleridge "broached a thousand things." "I heard his voice as he came towards me," Keats wrote, "I heard it as he moved away—I had heard it all the interval—if it may be called so." It was after that.—J. D.

Dialect in Fiction. There are, broadly speaking, two ways in which the novelist of provincial life may manage his dialect—he may reproduce it with scrupulous exactness, or he may be content with subtly and unobtrusively suggesting it. Of these, the first, or realistic, method certainly has the merit of being truthful and life-like; but unfortunately, in dialect, truth is apt to become unintelligible, and the unintelligible is unsatisfactory from the reader's point of view. There are

excellent short stories published monthly in the American magazines the very appearance of which is appalling. The final *g*'s of present participles and the *d*'s and *f*'s of "ands" and "ofs" are faithfully and laboriously omitted, together with a considerable proportion of the letters of most other words, and the drift of the narrative is obscurely seen through a thick, bewildering mist of apostrophes. And here it is only a matter of pronunciation; in the case of a genuine dialect, with a vocabulary of its own, the confusion is worse confounded. There is the Scotch dialect, which, presuming on its long and honourable record in literature, appears to claim a prescriptive right to vex the Southern ear. In the old days of Scott and Burns, things were not so bad, as a glossary was provided to which the poor untutored Englishman might turn when "bubblyjock" or "bield" or "canty," dawned on his astonished sight. But now he is left to his own devices. Some novels from the North of the Tweed incline one to suggest that it would be well to gratify national pride by admitting the Scots tongue, for literary purposes, to the rank of a separate language. Then translations could be published, and all would go well. Seriously, a little less uncompromising accuracy in the presentment of dialect would not stand in the way of dramatic truth or artistic completeness, while it would make things much pleasanter for the reader. Note how cleverly Mr. Hardy, for example, manages to keep the safe midway course between the Scylla of realism and the Charybdis of untruth—how without turning his pages into elaborate exercises in phonetics he contrives to suggest the characteristic Dorset speech by an occasional hint of pronunciation, or word, or turn of phrase.—C. L.

Before the  
Curtain.

The question is often asked how far a man is permitted to be deliberately self-exhibitive in his writings. After all, there is no other answer but the old one. It all rests upon the speaker. Certain acquaintances on our bookshelves bore us to extinction, discourse they never so wisely, while others, less learned and instructive, it may be, have that indefinable charm, more easily felt than analysed, which never palls. To a certain degree, it may be said, every author is self-betrayed. A writer's subject or his ideas may not be his own, but his style is inevitably personal and characteristic. Once again let it be said, "Le style est l'homme même." If we look close enough we discover him beneath it. Every book is in greater or lesser measure an autobiography. But, conceding this, it is not to be recommended that he should step on the stage and reveal himself unasked to the reader's gaze. Some few, indeed, have become their own showmen with splendid success. Heine and Goethe, for instance, Thackeray and Lamb. We should lose much in losing their self-revelations, their opinions on matters relevant and irrelevant. But the glamour gift must be his who would imitate their candour, and to how few is it given! On him who is not sure that his self-consciousness will never bore, a wise reserve is incumbent. He had best conceal his identity behind the curtain.—K.

## MODERN HYGIENE IN PRACTICE.

BY ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M.D.

### IV.—IN ADULT LIFE AND OLD AGE.

#### THE BUILDING ACCOMPLISHED.

THE first great point that we must now note is that the human house is at length built. Its structure is absolutely finished in every part, and it is about three parts furnished.

Now let this great fact be impressed upon us, that our two infants who set out on their journey in life, hand in hand, to become a man and a woman, have now successfully accomplished the task. They have been wholly and wisely guided by their parents in so doing during the first half of the period, and during the second their independence and responsibility have gradually increased together, until at twenty-five control has finally ceased. The two are now no longer the children of so-and-so, but independent men and women, representing the new generation, and one possessing, we trust, many points of superiority over its predecessors.

#### THE MAN.

As the ideal two stand before us now we see of what advantage the application of the laws of Modern Hygiene has been to them.<sup>1</sup> The man is just 6 feet and weighs 11 stone, the woman is 5 feet 4 inches and weighs 9½ stone. In the man we observe the strong and well-knit frame. The head well poised on a strong neck. The back flat and hollowed below. The points of the shoulders well to the rear, and the broad, mobile chest quite as prominent as the abdomen below. The hands firm and muscular, the legs straight, and the calves well developed. The finished house, in short, well repays all the labour spent in building it with care, and the moral and mental characteristics of the soul that dwells in it show that this beautiful erection is not, after all, the home of a pagan or a savage, but of a cultured Christian gentleman.

#### THE WOMAN.

If such be the man, what shall we say about the woman? We cannot depict her more truly, and at the same time give her higher praise, than by saying she is the type of a true woman allowed to grow physically on natural feminine lines, and enriched morally and mentally with a broad, liberal culture, which includes as its fruits all those graces that are distinctly feminine. The first feature that strikes one about her, perhaps as the outcome of her hygienic training, is *repose*. There is not only an absence of twitching and starting that betray an

imperfect governing power, but the expression and attitude strikingly convey that idea of restful strength that is the heritage of perfect health. Her bosom does not heave unduly, respiration not being carried on under the difficulties produced by a contracted and rigid corset. The skin is clear and firm, the arms are shapely and rounded, the muscles being indicated but not unduly emphasised. The outlines are everywhere softer and more rounded than in the man. The bust is well formed, the shoulders neither broad nor narrow and neither sloping nor square. The hips are broad, the legs straight, and the feet well arched. The colour is fresh and neither pale nor earthy, the teeth are small and regular, the eyes clear and steady, the brow smooth and neither low nor lofty. In short, we are struck everywhere by the presence of the "golden mean" and the absence of extremes.

#### MARRIAGE.

Having then successfully arrived thus far, the next step to be assured is that this healthy couple should be the parents of the next generation, who are in every way (*pace* Dr. Weissman) to be superior to the present one. We therefore approach the question of marriage from a hygienic point of view. The best age for women to marry is between twenty-one and twenty-eight; for men, between twenty-eight and thirty-five. A woman is not, however, supposed absolutely to reach her fullest perfection until the somewhat mature age of thirty-five, an idea that may either be founded on or have inspired the well-known lines of Ben Jonson:

Oft in danger, yet alive,  
We are come to thirty-five.  
Long may better years arrive,  
Better years than thirty-five.  
Could philosophers contrive  
Life to stop at thirty-five,  
Time should ne'er his hours drive  
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.  
High to soar and deep to dive  
Nature gives to thirty-five.  
Ladies, stand and stock your hive,  
Trifle not at thirty-five,  
For howsoe'er you live or strive,  
Your life declines at thirty-five.

#### FALLING IN LOVE.

Men are supposed to get nearest to perfection at forty. There can be no doubt that the whole question of marriage, looked at as determining the character of the next generation, is largely complicated and obscured by the question of love. Now

<sup>1</sup> This description applies only to the English. The standard of perfection in height and weight varies much in different countries, as in Japan, etc.



we are very far from accepting the position of Count Tolstoi, that the passion of love should have nothing to do with marriage, which he thinks should be founded on mutual esteem and tried friendship alone; but, on the other hand, we do not see why educated Anglo-Saxons should allow love to override, as it often does, every other consideration of health and suitability, and should talk of falling in love with a helpless fatalism worthy of the most dreamy of Orientals. A loveless marriage can never be a true union, but, on the other hand, a marriage which uses love to defy other important considerations of health and suitability, can never be a fully blessed one.

#### POINTS TO BE CONSIDERED.

The following are a few important points to be carefully considered besides falling in love if the marriage is to be worthy of the name and based on something higher than selfishness.

There should be reasonable similarity of social position, of temper, of tastes, of age, of style, and of race. When we say reasonable, we mean that while a slight difference in most of these qualities is often helpful, a great difference is disastrous. No extremes are safe, and unions of May and November are not to be held up as typical marriages.

In the next place, both parties should *possess* (not merely "be in") good health. The distinction is this, a person with various hereditary or acquired diseases may *be in* good health at the time of marriage, but cannot be said to *possess* good health. Certain developments of hereditary disease, and certain stages of acquired diseases, and certain general conditions of health, or, rather, ill-health, ought to be considered by general opinion as absolute barriers to matrimony. We are thankful to think that such unions between people so afflicted, producing so much misery in innocent sufferers, are becoming rarer; and that a healthy opinion is arising and gaining strength that will not sanction such unholy alliances, nor accept "falling in love" as a justification.

#### MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.

Again, the marriage of first cousins is not desirable, and is especially pernicious if persisted in for generations. A single marriage of first cousins, both possessing perfect health, may be permitted by hygiene exceptionally. On the other hand, the most fatal marriages are those of cousins where both are sufferers from the same hereditary disease. There is no doubt that the first consideration is health, and a long way after it comes the question of cousinship.

The last point is that poverty which, alas! too often cannot be avoided is specially inimical to health in town-lives. Few people have any idea how enormous is the proportion of sickness to health in a working man's household in town as compared either with his fellow in the country or the rich above him; and still fewer understand the real bearing of poverty on health. We hear a great deal of loss of health through the luxury, idleness,

and vices of the rich, but it is little compared with the results of poverty, exposure, and starvation.

#### THE CONTROL OF HABITS.

Passing on after these few remarks on matrimony, we notice that growth and education have disappeared out of our programme, leaving, however, one or two special points in connection to be considered. At this age special care must be taken to watch against and avoid the mastery of habits. Few at this age may be cultivated, as compared with the many that must be resisted; and new habits should be acquired only deliberately and with great caution, and never indulged to the extent of their becoming master. While principles of all sorts, physical, mental, and moral, should be firmly held, they should never degenerate in ruts or grooves, as these are not compatible with perfect health of mind and body.

#### HYGIENE OF PROFESSIONS.

Another special point that arrests us is the choice of a profession. It is true that this must be made antecedent to the period we have reached, which is that of practice rather than choice, but we have postponed its discussion till now. We find that clerks of all sorts die at the average rate, and represent what may be called the hygiene mean in employments. Above them in duration of lives come necessarily bakers, shoemakers, artists, coal-miners, drapers, lawyers, grocers, farmers, while the utmost span of long life is reached by clergymen. Below them, on the other hand, with diminishing spans of life, come tailors, doctors, butchers, painters, cabmen, sweeps, publicans, metal-miners, while the very worst lives are publicans and barmen.<sup>1</sup> Country lives are always healthier than town lives, and there can be no doubt that those who leave the country to reside in London lose on an average many years of life by so doing.

#### WOMEN LESS HEALTHY.

Women's life, though as a rule longer, is less healthy than that of men, and I think we may find at least four great causes for this. There is, first of all, the burden of a family, with all the ills—most of them avoidable, but not avoided—that follow in its train. There is next their weaker and more delicate physical organisation, that is so much more easily disturbed than that of men. Thirdly, there is the fact that as a rule women spend a far greater proportion of their lives indoors; and lastly, there are many more unfulfilled lives amongst women than amongst men, although the proportion is being certainly lowered. A word as to this. It was amazing to see, until a few years ago, what a very large proportion of unmarried women were without any object before them, whose lives were empty instead of full, and who had no apparent reason for living at all. Of late years, when doors have been open to occupation for the educated classes, this evil has been partly remedied, but is still common, and wherever it is found is a strong

<sup>1</sup> See "Leisure Hour" for 1890, p. 320.

potential and predisposing cause of ill-health—physical, mental, and moral. In dealing with cases of nervous debility and irritation one constantly finds that the real trouble and cause of the illness is an objectless life; and there is no doubt whatever in my mind that this fourth cause that I have given is a most potent source of disease, especially in the nerve centres.

#### THE HYGIENE OF HOBBIES.

With regard to keeping out of grooves and ruts, so common in men who are absorbingly occupied in a definite round of daily toil, there can be no doubt of the value of hobbies not pressed too far. A man who in addition to his daily work has some special subject or occupation of a totally different nature that interests him is likely to be in better health than one who has not.

#### ON FOOD.

The question of food comes next in order; and here we are at once face to face with a most humiliating fact—that most people who can afford it eat (and drink) too much. Indeed, if the surplus eaten by the rich were given to the poor, all classes would benefit without an extra penny being expended. Hitherto, our readers will have marked, we have said it is hard to eat too much of wholesome food. Such, alas! is not now the case. We do not nearly grasp the great difference there is in the amount of material required to build a house and that needed to keep it in repair. The building is now over. Not nearly so much animal food, therefore, is now needed, and yet in how many cases is more eaten, in defiance of the simplest dictates of common sense! A man or a woman cannot eat as much as they like even of the plainest and most wholesome food with impunity. Up to this time the great point was quality, now it is quantity as well.

#### JOHN BULL.

Perhaps nothing does greater harm than a false ideal; and few things have been worse in this direction than the typical John Bull, who is held up to the admiration of Young England. This ridiculous object, with his eyes protruding with fat, his mottled and empurpled visage, his short, apoplectic neck, his enormous and unwieldy frame, may be useful as a frightful warning to the young, and a correct picture of what a man ought not to be, but certainly does not, and we trust never will, represent any typical Englishman. In England, however, there is no doubt we consume by far too much animal food, and the head and forefront of this offence is London and the other large cities. In England each man consumes on an average 136 lbs. of meat; in France 46 lbs.; in Germany 35; in Belgium 84; and it is a common fact that whereas there is provision in the body for the storage of excess of fat and starch food, there is none for excess of animal food, which thus, by retrograde changes, becomes a poison in the blood, laying the foundation of gout and other diseases.

#### ON MEALS.

During the period of adult life we should not increase much in weight (the less the better). The principal meal is best made in the middle of the day, about 1.30, in the shape of a good hot lunch or early dinner. At dinner in the evening less should be eaten, but more variety is required. Digestion and assimilation are strongest and most active in the morning, hence the importance of a hearty breakfast. The French style of two good meals a day—a breakfast at twelve and a dinner at six or seven—is not good, although there is a cup of coffee and bread in the early morning as well. Among labourers, the heaviest part of the day's work is frequently done before noon, and a good substantial breakfast should be taken before eight, and not after twelve. The result of the latter plan is that, in a day, the French workman only does from 200 to 300 foot tons of work, against the 400 foot tons of the English navy. A "foot-ton" of work is the power required to raise a ton one foot high.

#### APPROPRIATE DRESS.

Now as to dress. With regard to the fair sex, let them adopt my plan of a *modus vivendi* between hygiene and fashion, and that is, give all their undergarments to the former to make and only the outer ones to the latter. By this means she will combine all the appearances of fashion with all the comforts of health. The body should be well, but not too closely, covered with fine, but not too fine, woollen material from head to foot. The dresses should not be too heavy, and neither they nor the skirts should be suspended from the hips.

The neck and shoulders should receive special care, and should never be bare at one time and closely covered with boas and comforters at another in the same atmosphere. Hot wraps should never be worn round the throat, which should be always cool and exposed, otherwise it always gets delicate and becomes a source of danger. With regard to the feet, the stockings should be warm and suspended, and the boots should have two characteristics at least: (1) the width of the sole must equal the tread of the foot, and (2) the inner edge of each boot must be nearly a straight line. High heels distort the body and destroy the temper, but do not necessarily shorten, though they embitter, life.

The dress of the sterner sex need not detain us. A flannel belt is a safeguard against chills, and does no harm. One point should be remembered as to chills, and that is, fat is not a safeguard against them; indeed, fat does not lessen the risk of taking cold, but increases it.

#### ON BATHING.

Now as to cleanliness. The daily bath and the weekly wash should be continued, and the latter should never be omitted. The skin requires soap all over once a week. The head should not always be wet, remembering that water is bad for the hair. We regret to see that some elderly gentlemen,

otherwise well conducted, still seek a fictitious crown of martyrdom or heroism by plunging into the Serpentine and other ice-cold waters at all seasons of the year. Such conduct has no relation to bravery—it is simply foolhardy.

#### EXERCISE AND REST.

Coming now to exercise and rest, we still uphold the eight hours bill as a working average. There can be no doubt that the average sleep required is higher now in these days of pressure, than before the age of steam and stress, when day-dreaming was more common, and saints' days occurred every week. Even now many men never take more than six hours, and do the best of work in it; and women require rather more than men, but eight hours is a fair average all round, and it is a great mistake not to take enough. Habit has a good deal to say to it as well as temperament, but on these details we cannot now enlarge. Sleeplessness is, alas! a great and increasing curse; but as we shall make it the subject of a special article, we do not enter upon it now.

#### SEDENTARY LIVES.

As to exercise, it is now of the greatest importance, for the simple reason it is so apt to be neglected. The object being neither to gain nor lose in weight, it should be borne in mind that to exercise till you glow increases weight, whereas to continue it till you perspire decreases it. A sedentary life is bad alike for mind and body, and inasmuch as many occupations are largely of this nature, definite exercise should be taken each day. It is a great thing for City men who have to be in an office all day long to walk to and from business; and hence, from a hygienic point of view, those residential districts that are within a reasonable walk of the City are of great value. Such neighbourhoods as Russell and Bedford Squares are much better for many City brain-workers than any other on this account, and also because of the possibility of taking the midday meal at home instead of in a chop-house. An express train every day is a heavy price to pay for residence at the seaside, and sooner or later produces its effect upon the brain. Riding on horseback is pre-eminently of value to sedentary brain-workers when it is possible, and is hardly to be over-estimated.

#### USEFUL EXERCISES.

Other useful exercises in adult life are dumb-bells, clubs, bowls, golf, quoits, gardening, fishing, cricket, hunting, shooting, boating, and yachting. In sedentary occupations, again, a Turkish bath once a fortnight, followed by a brisk long walk, is a great invigorator.

Exercise of some sort should be regularly taken three times a day, besides walking early in the morning, before lunch, and at bedtime.

Women must walk to keep in health, driving is not enough. The practice of devoting fifteen minutes in the bedroom at the beginning and

close of day to free exercises is of great value. In the present rush of life women are constantly in danger of exceeding their daily income of strength. When this has been done for some time serious irritation begins. I find one of the safest and wisest ways of checking this in time is to go quietly to bed for thirty-six hours.

There are many women in active life to whom it would be a great boon to go to bed for this time once a month at least.

#### SPECIAL DANGERS.

Now as to a few special dangers and diseases.

All irregularities and excesses should be avoided, especially in eating and drinking, all sudden strains upon the heart, worry of all sorts, loss of sleep, and increase of fat.

Gout, that inquisitor of middle age, that so well reproduces the tortures of the rack, is nearly always self-inflicted. Uric acid, its cause, is formed instead of urea, whenever excess of animal food is taken, and often with excess of saccharine food. The difference between urea (the normal) and uric acid (the diseased product) is that the former is very soluble, while the other requires 8,000 times its weight of water to dissolve it. It therefore unites with the soda of the blood and forms that urate of soda which accumulates in the big toe and other torture-chambers of the body in the form of chalk stones. If people, therefore, will so degrade themselves as persistently to eat too much animal food, let them at any rate take three or four glasses of hot water daily to dissolve some of this poisonous material if possible.

#### AGE AND SEX IN DISEASE.

There are three periods in adult life when one seems more liable to go wrong than at other times. The one is at thirty-six years of age, when thin people tend to become fat and fat people thin; the next is between forty-five and fifty, when the appetite fails, nervous diseases appear, when one no longer likes to stoop much and begins to prefer riding to walking; and the next is at sixty-one, when the same phenomena appear more markedly. With regard to the sexual distribution of disease, one may say that ordinary kidney, lung, and brain diseases, accidents of all sorts, scarlet fever, and late consumption are most prevalent among males, and cancer, diphtheria, typhoid fever, and early consumption amongst females. The most distressing cause of nerve breakdown amongst unmarried women, to which we must briefly allude, is that sudden change of circumstances that ensues when a father dies who, through carelessness or improvidence, has neglected to make adequate provision for his unmarried daughters. Such a cause is perhaps more common here than abroad. Nothing can be more distressing and cruel than for girls who have all their lives lived in every luxury and without a care suddenly to be stripped of everything, through no fault of their own, and turned out of their home to provide for themselves as best they can.

## OLD AGE.

Maturity may be defined as a period lasting for about thirty years, between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-five; old age as beginning to commence (to use a pleonasm) very gradually at fifty-five and continuing to seventy-five and after.

Let us remember that the death rate from twenty-five to thirty-five for either sex is but 8 per 1,000 per annum, and from thirty-five to fifty-five is 15 for men and 13 for women, whereas from fifty-five to seventy-five it is 49 for men and 43 for women, while after seventy-five it is very rapid.

## THE TASK ACCOMPLISHED.

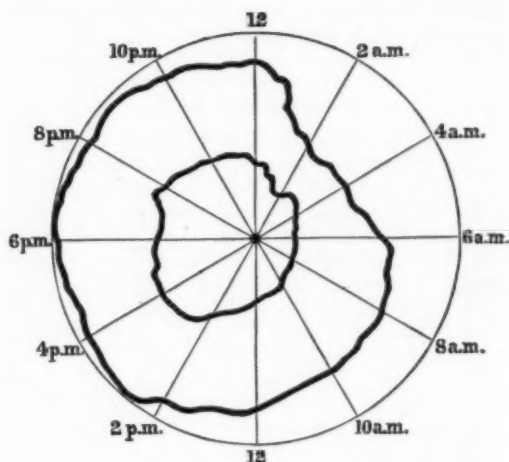
With regard to old age, there can be no doubt that life has been greatly lengthened of late years; and this is not surprising when we reflect that hygiene itself has made nearly all its progress during the last fifty years. At the Queen's accession the causes of death first began to be registered. Epidemics were still supposed to be of "telluric" or "meteoric" origin. Vaccination came in in 1840, and was made compulsory in 1853, with the result that the deaths from small-pox, which were 60 per 1,000 in 1840, became 6 per 1,000 in 1884. Typhus has disappeared. Consumption, cholera, and scarlet fever have greatly diminished; but two diseases, alas! incident on the increase of life in large towns—typhoid and diphtheria—have increased.

As we have discussed the hygienic care of old age so exhaustively elsewhere in these pages, we need do no more now than briefly sum up those points that call for special care. They are mainly two in number, equable temperature of sufficient warmth, and little food.

## WARM TEMPERATURE.

Aged people should never be exposed to sudden changes of temperature, or to shock of cold. Their vital heat is waning and should be supplemented by warm rooms, warmed beds, warm houses, warm foods, warm clothing. Fur is very useful, and wool is invaluable. Eiderdown quilts and hot-water bottles are needed for the bed, for it must never be forgotten that the vital powers are much lower at night than in the day, and notably at 2.0 A.M., which is the most eventful hour for the human race—most are born then, and most die. The temperature is lowest, the circulation feeblest.

It is then most attacks of asthma come on. The following diagram shows this.



The inner line shows the comparative frequency of respiration. The outer the comparative pulse rate. Both are feeblest at 2.0 A.M.

## LITTLE FOOD.

The next point is little food. Of 800 people over 80, 90 per cent. were small or moderate eaters, and only 10 per cent. large. All the digestive powers are feebler, and much food only chokes the system. The diet should be very moderate, light and nourishing, largely milky, and farinaceous and sweet. The food should always be warm, and some given in the night. Weight should not be gained but slowly decreased.

## WATCHWORDS.

And now, as we part company with our two aged friends whom we have traced from their cradles, shall we seek to sum up the leading point to be remembered at each period of life?

In infancy	.	.	milk as food
In childhood	.	.	unhindered growth
In youth	.	.	all-round education
In adult life	.	.	abstinence and self-control
In old age	.	.	warmth and little food

It will be seen from these papers how little empiricism has to do with hygiene, and how largely it is based on common-sense enlightened by modern science, so as to be reasonable and intelligible to all, and eminently, therefore, a subject that can be successfully taught to, and understood by, the people.



## Varieties.

**The Lord High Commissioner in Scotland.**—The representative of royalty in the Church of Scotland is an officer chosen annually, and holds office throughout the year, although it is only at the meetings of the General Assembly in May that he is a conspicuous personage, holding levées at Holyrood Palace, and going in state to the Assembly's meetings, and to the High Church on Sundays. He is accompanied by an aide-de-camp chosen annually, and by a "purse-bearer." The latter office is now held by Mr. Falconer Stewart, but the appointment was held for nearly half a century by Dr. Ramsay, who was purse-bearer to successive commissioners, and who now, in 1894, lives in retirement at Torquay. From his beautiful garden there, have been sent to the Princess of Wales, for more than twenty-five years past, the earliest "lilies of the valley," a favourite flower of Her Royal Highness, and recognised as a welcome gift from the veteran Dr. Ramsay's garden at Torquay.

**Hydrophobia successfully treated by Dr. Buisson's Bath System.**—A remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the Buisson treatment is reported by Kedar Nath Ganguli, a physician practising at Cossipore, in India. After describing the state of a Hindu gentleman, resident at Baranagore, brought for treatment, Dr. Ganguli says: "From these premonitory symptoms I knew that the severe symptoms were not far distant to appear. I gave him the bath there and then. It was a wonder that all his symptoms disappeared while he was in the bath. There were several gentlemen of the locality present at the time. They have all witnessed this wonderful recovery of this characteristic case. I repeated the bath for seven days for this case. Since then he has been doing well. Previous to the cure of this case, I had very little faith in Dr. Buisson's accidental discovery, but since this wonderful cure all doubts as regards the curative action of a bath like this have been removed from my mind."

Arrangements have been made for the preparation and the constant readiness of these baths in Bombay, Calcutta, Benares, Agra, and other populous places where there is likelihood of danger from hydrophobia. Before the time of M. Pasteur's treatment by inoculation of patients with artificially prepared virus, the system of Buisson had the chief place among the remedies approved by the medical world in Paris. A letter from Mr. W. Theobald, late of the Geological Survey of India, now retired, says that "after thirty years' residence between 1847 and 1880, he is fearful that great risk arises from the attempts to introduce Pasteur's system of inoculation. The 'greased cartridges' were made the agency for upsetting the fidelity of the native army at the time of the mutiny, and he thinks that the same prejudice prevails against the employment of virus obtained from unclean sources." The hint from an old Indian is worthy of the consideration of the authorities.

**Scotch Settlers in Essex.**—While the state of agricultural affairs in Essex is deplorable, a bright exception occurs in the case of settlers from Scotland. In the report by Mr. Pringle, it is said that on one estate twelve farms are on the owner's hands at one time, and on another seven are unlet and tenantless. For ten years the decline has been going on, commencing with 1875, when the price of wheat began to decline seriously. Not only has there been reduction of rent, in one case as much as 80 per cent., 50 per cent. being the average; for the ordinary Essex farmer cannot adapt himself to the altered conditions of farming. But many of the Scottish emigrants are doing very well.

Mr. Pringle's report says: "Not only do the men work hard, but their wives and families take an active part in the ordinary everyday work of the farm. The wives and daughters superintend and assist in the dairy department, while the sons drive the horses or feed the cattle. A large proportion of these settlers have no pretensions, and make no pretensions, to be gentlemen farmers; they were brought up as 'working farmers,' and in Essex they are simply continuing in the manner of life to which they were accustomed. Taking everything into account, and remembering how farmers have suffered in all parts of the United Kingdom since 1879, I am clearly of opinion that the Scotch settlers in Essex have not proved the failures that some would have us believe; on the contrary, that the great majority have held and are holding their own. Without going beyond the evidence given to me by some of the best English farmers in Essex (and I am now referring to men whose names are well known and opinions everywhere respected), it is highly probable that before long the example set by the cautious and calculating cowkeeper and grass-farmer from Ayrshire will find many followers among the *élite* of Essex farmers—not because he gathers in more, but because he gives out less."

Since the publication of this report, it has been asked whether larger colonies of Scotchmen might not migrate to the south and east of England, and take possession of vacant farms at a low rent and with fair leases, instead of emigrating to remote parts of America. They might come, it has been said, in sufficient numbers to make it worth their while to bring with them their own minister and the "hen-wife," who in Scottish farms and glebes manages the poultry, with profit unknown in England. There have been, however, too many failures to encourage rash experiments; and each case must be judged by its own circumstances.

**Zoological and Botanical Treasures from Nyassaland.**—By the researches of Mr. H. Johnston, the British Commissioner in Nyassaland, a large collection of specimens, many of them new species, have been added to the British Museum. Mr. Alexander White, an experienced collector, has explored the mountain region of Milauji, and has brought home many new specimens of Alpine plants from Central Africa. The silver medal of the Zoological Society has been presented to Mr. Johnston. The museums on the Continent, as well as in England, have been enriched by these natural-history collections.

**Sir Harry Parkes of Australia.**—This veteran statesman of New South Wales was entertained by the citizens of Sydney at a festival in celebration of his eightieth birthday. Sir Harry, in an interesting speech, gave many historical recollections of Australian progress, and he declared that the remainder of his life would be devoted to the union of all the Australian colonies, each retaining its own policy and administration. He hoped yet to see them at one as to mutual freedom of trade, and a more close alliance with the mother country in matters of colonial and Imperial rule.

**Babbage's "Calculating Machine" Surpassed.**—It must be more than sixty-five years since Mr. Babbage astonished the world by the action of his calculating machine. A lecture by Dr. Lardner, at the Edinburgh meeting of the British Association in 1834 gave a popular exposition of the mechanical wonder and its varied uses. There have been improvements since that old time, but the recent American invention of the Arithmometer has become a new source of surprise, and, if all reports are true, promises to be of endless utility. The calculation of numbers was the original object

of the Burrough's Arithmometer, but it has latterly been improved by a type-writing arrangement, and is now introduced under the name of Burrough's Registering Accountant. The machine is not inconveniently enlarged by the addition. As a figuring and adding machine it measures about 12 inches high, 15 inches from front to back, and 10 inches wide, the width only being increased by the type-writer. A million sterling is the adding capacity of the machine. By the addition of more keys, however, its capacity can be extended indefinitely. Besides the Burrough's accountant, the syndicate controlling the patent has acquired the comptometer, which is a machine specially adapted for subtraction, multiplication, and division. It is worked by keys in a somewhat similar manner to the Burrough's accountant, but the results appear on numeral wheels at the front of the machine. The Burrough's accountant and the comptometer are adapted to all classes of commercial accounts and scientific computations, while the dual type-writer will write invoices, wage lists, and the like.

**The British Museum and the Sultan.**—The Sultan has sent to the British Embassy for presentation to the British Museum in London a complete collection, beautifully bound, of all the works published in the Turkish dominions since his accession to the throne in 1876. To these are added a large number of fine photographs, illustrating the various educational and industrial institutions which have been established during the same period in the Ottoman empire.

**Olympic Games Restored.**—The world-wide interest taken in athletic sports has led many enthusiastic lovers of games to propose an international congress, which might rival the fame of the Olympic games of ancient times. It is proposed that the first meeting should take place at Athens in 1896. The King of Greece has gladly accepted the offer to make his capital the scene of the earliest international games. Whether water or land sports are to be attempted has not been determined, but one decision has been arrived at, that only amateurs in athletic sports are to be admitted. The following is the definition of an amateur as distinguished from a professional: "Any person who has never taken part in any public competition open to all comers or competed for a prize in specie or for a sum of money derived from any source whatever, notably from admissions to the ground, or with professionals, or who has never been at any period of his life a salaried professor or instructor in physical exercises." This is good, as far as it goes, and the exclusion of professionals will prevent some evils. Whether the confining competition to amateurs will prevent betting and gambling is more doubtful. The Oxford and Cambridge boat-race is a contest of pure honour so far as the crews are concerned, but there is betting by outsiders, as there was doubtless at the Olympian games of old. It will be impossible, we fear, to hinder the spirit of gambling in competitions where men only are engaged, and not horses or other animals. Races, leaping, swimming, cycling, wrestling—all competitions will be the occasion of betting, though the contests are confined to amateurs only.

**Crèches for Church or Chapel.**—In many newly built places of worship in America, especially in the country, where people come from long distances, crèches for children have been introduced. Mothers who cannot come without bringing young children are invited to leave them in the room, where they will be taken care of by teachers or ladies who volunteer their good service as watchers and caretakers during the service in the church or chapel.

**Railway from Suakim to Berber.**—In the recent discussions about the Protectorate of Uganda, the construction of a railway from the coast to the shore of Lake Nyassa was affirmed to be the only means of recompensing England for the expense looming in the future. Doubts were expressed as to the best route for the railway. Uganda itself would not avail to supply freight to pay the interest for the costly undertaking. No one seemed to remember a proposal made by Mr. H. M. Stanley some years ago, in an address to the Geographical Society of Manchester and the members of the Manchester Athenæum. The subject of the address was "On Scientific Geography as an aid to Commerce." One of his illustrations was that "if a railway were constructed from Suakim to Berber, easy access would be

gained to a navigable river course, over 1,000 miles long, to beyond Gondokoro, and some 500 miles up to Bahr Ghazal and its branches, and some 200 miles to Senaar—altogether about 2,000 miles. It was a large and populous basin, and the productions were manifold and various. Altogether, as a commercial field, it would be a most profitable one." Mr. Stanley also said that the commercial development of the region around the lakes was already successfully undertaken by the steamers of the African Lakes Trading Company, of Glasgow, founded by Mr. Stevenson, aided by friends in Scotland.

**Sewer-gas in Houses.**—Of late years many householders have carefully attended to the directions of sanitary engineers by having ventilating pipes for carrying off noxious air. But an unexpected neutralising of the good arrangement has been pointed out by a sensible and observant correspondent of the "Times." The tops of the ventilating pipes are often choked by the nests of sparrows, who take up masses of paper, straw, feathers, and other materials, which not only block the pipe but fill the gutters at the top of the house. The inmates of the house suffer from the obstructed pipes, and are often induced to put the drainage and lower parts of the dwelling in the hands of workmen, while the clearing out of rubbish on the roof is all that is wanted. As to the ventilating pipe, its top should not be open, but covered with fine wire, or, still better, should be capped by an open wire globe, so as to prevent accumulations of rubbish taken up by birds.

**Moonshine in Literature.**—In modern novels, especially by female writers, the absurd error is common of bringing in the moon for effective rhetoric, although the shining is impossible as to time or place. This is "moonshine" in the least favourable sense of the term. Even in scientific journals this lunacy is to be sometimes found. The following bit of "fine writing" occurred in a magazine article, "Notes from a Marine Biological Laboratory," written by a University professor and a man of science: "It was a fine, clear, starry night when we sailed into Windward Passage. The grey mountains of Cuba outlined against the northern horizon were slowly fading from view, when the crescent moon arose out of the waves in the east." This was impossible astronomically, so the fine writing was a bit of "moonshine."

**Sir W. Scott's Popularity.**—In all parts of the United Kingdom there are issued new editions of Walter Scott's novels. Most of these being beyond the date of copyright, sixpenny copies of the best of the novels can be bought for fourpence-halfpenny or less. In Edinburgh one notable printing-firm employs and has long employed from thirty to forty compositors, or "hands," in perpetual pay, producing Sir Walter Scott's works.

**Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Schoolboy Story.**—In a speech at Leeds the "Local Option" joker told of a schoolboy who thus repeated what he thought to be a text from Scripture: "My House shall be called a den of thieves, but ye have made it a House of Lords." This brought out a story from a Yorkshire clergyman, which he communicated to the "Times" as a positive fact: "My daughter was teaching, in a Sunday-school, a class of girls, and having quoted the words, 'My house shall be called a house of prayer,' then paused for the class to finish the sentence. Up went a hand, 'I know, teacher—a House of Commons.'" People forget, when they accuse the House of Lords of stopping many modern reforms—the repeal of the Test Act, the admission of Jews to civil privileges, Catholic Emancipation, and many other things—that the House of Commons opposed progress as well as the House of Lords in former days. "Time is the great innovator," as Lord Bacon said long ago.

**German University Boat-races.**—At some of our English University races amusement has been caused by the arrival of telegrams from the Emperor of Germany congratulating Oxford as the winner! The last message was in the form of a communication to Professor Max Müller, whose long connection with Oxford has made him as much English as German. The Professor wrote to the Emperor to ask if it was impossible to arrange a match between our English Universities and those of the Fatherland. The reply was

that the thing was impossible. The Emperor has since expressed his strong regret that rowing is not more generally practised in Germany at the Universities. At a recent visit in their yacht to Grinow, the Emperor and Empress attended a regatta on the River Spree, where his father, the good Emperor Frederick, had presented a prize to the best four-oared boat. Talking with the Boat Club Committee, the Emperor said he would endeavour to introduce rowing in the English style at all German universities near rivers. He said that he himself had begun to practise rowing after a fashion. He had had a machine with a sliding seat constructed in one of the rooms of the palace, and took rowing exercises every morning. He had come to the conclusion that no other form of exercise gave such play to all the muscles of the body.

**Ovis Poli.**—Why an animal considerably larger than a deer and utterly devoid of wool should be called a sheep, I do not understand. There is not one single point of resemblance between an *ovis Poli* and a sheep, unless it is the horns, which are shaped like a black-faced ram's, but are from four to five feet long and enormously thick in proportion, and with two twists in them. The skin is like a deer's, not woolly like a sheep's, and they stand as high as a twelve-hand pony. In fact, anything less like a sheep I never saw.—“*The Pamirs*,” by the Earl of Dunmore, F.R.G.S.

**American Yachts.**—There are more than six thousand yachts enrolled in over two hundred and fifty yacht clubs distributed over the United States and Canada. The larger sailing yachts cost from thirty thousand to seventy thousand dollars, while the steam yachts cost several times as much. The cost of maintaining a yacht which is used for anything more than an individual pleasure-boat is from a few hundred dollars a month to seventy-five thousand dollars a year. This is stated in the magnificent book upon the “Yachts and Yachtsmen of America,” edited by Dr. Mott, and published by the International Yacht Publishing Company of New York. Two years of time and fifty thousands of dollars of money have gone to the making of this book, which is sure to have a large circulation and to be a standard work for a long period. Augustus Prime, in a notice of it in the “New York Observer,” speaks with personal interest in the matter, as he says that his brother, Dr. Wendell Prime, is owner of a yacht, and another brother finds his recreation in sailing a beautiful little schooner, the *Breeze*, off Nahant, and along the New England coast. The yachtsmen of America are far more numerous than those of the old country, and the love of sailing or of steaming in yachts for health and pleasure is more common among the people than among us. The yachts specially built for speed and to compete in matches are of different build and fitting in both countries.

**Zuyder Zee.**—This well-known sea or lake of Holland, about the draining of which much will soon be heard, is pronounced always Sooder See, or South Sea. The draining of the Sooder See is to be a Government undertaking, and adequate compensation will be guaranteed to the fisherfolk, who are numerous.

**Release of Prisoners from Glatz Fortress.**—The release of the two French officers, Delguy and Degonej, imprisoned in the fortress of Glatz, after being condemned as spies, is regarded as a generous and magnanimous act of the German Emperor. He acted quite spontaneously, his intention not being communicated to the French ambassador, M. Herbetti, then at Kiel; nor was it intimated to Count Caprivi or his ministers or council till the close of the Memorial service in the Hedwigskirche. We are reminded of a similar act of clemency which an ancestor of the Emperor William performed long ago to a prisoner confined in the same Silesian fortress. A Prussian officer, Colonel Massenbach, had been sent to Glatz to be confined for the crime of high treason. Every petition and appeal for release had been in vain, and there was every prospect that in that fortress he would end his days. It happened that the king, Frederick William III., was laid aside by a severe accident, and was alone with only the Queen Louise in his room. Sleepless and oppressed, he prayed that he might obtain a little rest. When he awoke, he told the queen that as God had heard his prayer, and refreshed him by sleep, a text of the Bible had come into his mind about

loving and forgiving even our enemies. “What do you think of my pardoning Colonel Massenbach, the prisoner at Glatz?” The Queen knew all the circumstances of the case, and heard with wonder and thankfulness the king go on to say, “It is right. I grant him a full pardon.” A courier was sent in the morning with an order of release, unknown to the Adjutant-General Witzleben, or any officer of the court. The whole details of the wonderful deliverance, as recorded by the royal chaplain, Bishop Eylert, are told in a chapter of the book entitled “Strange yet True,” by Dr. Macaulay, published by Nisbet & Co. The chapter is headed “The Prisoner of Glatz.” We wish that this forgotten event could be brought to the notice of the German Emperor, who has acted in so generous a manner towards the French prisoners at Glatz.

**Solar Spectrum Lines First Discovered.**—The wonders of solar spectrum analysis are in our day connected with names of modern astronomers and observers, but the following extract from the “Personal Recollections” of Mary Somerville, the renowned author of the “Mechanism of the Heavens,” gives an earlier date to the discovery. “One bright morning,” says Mrs. Somerville in her Diary, “Dr. Wollaston came to pay us a visit in Hanover Square, saying, ‘I have discovered seven dark lines crossing the solar spectrum, which I wish to show to you.’ Then closing the window shutters so as to admit only a narrow line of light, he put a small prism into my hand, telling me to hold it. I saw them distinctly. I was among the first, if not the very first, to whom he showed these lines, which were the origin of the most wonderful series of cosmical discoveries, and have proved that many of the substances of our globe are also the constituents of the sun, the stars, and even of the nebulae.” This visit of Dr. Wollaston must have been in 1802, or twelve years before Fraunhofer's name became known as the chief expositor of solar chemistry, while Kirchhoff's extension of the analysis to sidereal astronomy was long after. Let the honour due to Wollaston not be forgotten.

**Cycling Extraordinary.**—An international cycling road race was ridden this summer from Rotterdam to Utrecht, a distance of 113 kilometres, or about 72 miles. The winner was Cordang of Maastricht, who covered the distance in 3 hours 53 minutes and 20 seconds, beating all former records. The second arrival was Wittersen of Haarlem, whose time was 4 hours 5 minutes 34 seconds. Another extraordinary event was witnessed at the Velodrome Buffalo, at Paris, when Zimmerman, the American champion, beat Bardon, the English rider, in a race of five miles, which was done in 11 minutes 58 seconds. Zimmerman is thus pronounced the champion of the world in cycling for short distances, if not for any course.

**Comets, their Movements and their Composition.**—Mr. W. T. Lynn, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, formerly of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, has written a book, very small, but full of curious matter, “Remarkable Comets, a brief survey of the most interesting facts in the history of Cometary Astronomy.” (Edward Stanford, Charing Cross.)

The scope of this little treatise, price only sixpence, is chiefly historical, noting all the most memorable appearances of comets. But there are also pages of more curious and suggestive sort, as when Mr. Lynn refers to the probable composition of comets. It has long been evident that whatever may be the matter of which they consist, it must be of extreme rarity and feeble condensation, as shown by the absolutely imperceptible effect produced by it upon the motions of planets or other bodies which have been approached by comets. The most remarkable instance of this was in the case of the so-called Lexell's comet which moved into the midst of Jupiter's system, and approached the planet more nearly than the most distant of his satellites. Many other comets have come within a comparatively small distance of Jupiter, and Encke's has on several occasions made close approaches to Mercury, whilst there are cases in which comets have passed the Earth at less than a quarter of the distance to which the nearest planet ever comes. Yet whilst the comets have severely felt the effect of these *rencontres*, in the alteration of their paths by the planetary



attraction, the planets and satellites themselves have pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed in their respective orbits by the erratic but impotent comets. The nature of the connection between them and meteoric streams is, as before remarked, unknown, and it is quite possible that the observed identity of orbit in some cases, instead of showing community of composition, simply arises from the comet having been caught and kept "in durance vile" by the meteors.

How far has spectrum analysis helped towards the solution of the mystery? Mr. Lynn says: "Nothing further was known until the introduction of spectrum analysis and its application to comets. This was first done in 1864, by the late Prof. Donati, of Florence, the discoverer of the great comet of 1858, and was afterwards vigorously taken up by our distinguished countryman, Dr. Huggins, by Dr. Vogel, of Potsdam, and others. The result was, as beforehand seemed probable, that the spectrum was twofold; one, which was very faint, evidently due to reflected sunlight, and another discontinuous with bright bands, indicating the presence of gaseous matter in a state of incandescence. To what its luminosity is due cannot be stated with certainty, but there can be little doubt that electricity is concerned in this, and plays a large part in cometary phenomena generally. The comparison of the banded spectrum in comets with those of terrestrial substances shows that the gaseous or nebular portion of comets is to a great extent hydrocarbonic in its composition; but those comets which have approached the Sun more closely than others have exhibited in their spectra when near him other lines known to be produced by some metals when in a state of vapour."

**The Picture that sold for Eleven Thousand Guineas.**—Extravagant prices have been common this year in the auction rooms, but the price for a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds is worthy of special record. It was the portrait of Lady Betty Delmé and her two children, painted when Sir Joshua was in his 57th year, in 1780. He was then in the zenith of his power and popularity, yet the price he charged for full-length portraits at that day, though he was President of the R. A., and drove his carriage, was only £100. The portrait has never been in a sale room, but came direct from the collection of the late Mr. Seymour R. Delmé, of Cains Hall, Hampshire, for whose ancestor it was painted. Lady Betty was a sister of the Earl of Carlisle of that day, who also was painted some years previously by the great artist. More celebrated paintings of Sir Joshua, at least better known from engravings, among them being "The Strawberry Girl," and "Lady Smythe," were shortly before also at Christie's for sale, but were withdrawn. These were from the collection of the sporting Duchess of Montrose. Gainsborough's portrait of Madame Le Brun, an opera singer, sold for 3,100 guineas. One by T. Faed, R.A., "The Poor, and the Poor Man's Friend," an inferior work to his "Mitherless Bairn," only fetched 650 guineas at that sale.

**A Family Gathering.**—The family of Queen Victoria is now very large, including all the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the Royal House. But a more imposing and almost unique gathering lately took place at Montague House, Whitehall, on the occasion of the 82nd birthday of the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn. In order to celebrate that event, all her Grace's children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren—in all 101 persons, ranging in age from sixty years to four months—were assembled to offer their congratulations to the venerable lady. Many of them had travelled for the purpose from distant parts of the kingdom, and some even from America. The Duchess having taken her place in the ball-room, the various families of her descendants filed past her, headed by her Grace's eldest daughter, the Dowager-Countess of Lichfield, with her thirteen children and thirteen grandchildren. Next followed the thirteen children and fifteen grandchildren of the late Countess of Durham, succeeded by the Duchess of Buccleuch with her seven children. Next in order came the four children and four grandchildren of the late Countess of Mount-Edgcumbe; her Grace's remaining sons and daughters, the present Duke of Abercorn, the Countess Winterton, Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord George Hamilton, M.P., the Marchioness of Blandford, the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lord Frederick Hamilton, M.P., and Lord Ernest Hamilton then

defiled with their respective children. Later in the afternoon the venerable Dowager-Duchess was presented with an illuminated list of her descendants. Her Grace, who continues surprisingly active for her age, is the second daughter of John, the sixth Duke of Bedford, who was born in 1766, the two generations thus extending over 128 years.

**Camping Out for a Seaside Holiday.**—The usage of "camping out" has this summer been widely extended, not merely for soldiers, but for all manner of institutions, and for schools. It is certainly better on the whole for boys and lads than living in houses. In the north-west of London a clergyman, now curate of St. John's, Kilburn, the Rev. G. L. Harding, an enthusiastic friend of boys, has organised a home for lads at 63 Warwick Road, Maida Vale, and this includes the privilege of a seaside camp at Hayling Island, open to any boys or lads attending schools in Paddington or Kilburn, whether Board schools or National schools. The charges for board, lodging, and excursions are most moderate, and the railway companies have heartily helped the arrangements for travelling. Parents or friends of homeless boys may safely entrust them to a protector of this sort, where a safe, healthy, and thrifty home is sought. Mr. Harding was till lately a curate of the Rev. Sir Emilius Bailey at Paddington, and he has a friendly care for boys and young men of all denominations, with good rules as to discipline and conduct.

**Schooner Built by Natives of Raratonga.**—A somewhat remarkable evidence of the progress of the Cook Island natives in the arts of civilisation is afforded by the presence in Auckland waters of the schooner *Takitumu*, from Raratonga. The schooner was wholly constructed by native labour on the co-operative principle at Uगतangua Harbour, Raratonga, the builders of the schooner being also her owners. About 80 men of the Uगतangua district, who built the vessel after labour extending over some five years, are now, therefore, her owners. The vessel is constructed on the American model, with plenty of beam and a wide square stern, and she is rigged as a fore-and-aft schooner.

**Astronomical Notes for September.**—The Sun rises on the 1st day at 5h. 14m. in the morning, and sets at 6h. 46m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 5h. 36m. and sets at 6h. 14m. The autumnal equinox takes place on the 22nd, the Sun being vertical over the tropic of Capricorn about an hour after midnight at Greenwich on that date. The Moon is in First Quarter in the early morning (3 minutes past 1 o'clock) on the 7th; Full at 4h. 22m. on the morning of the 15th; in Last Quarter at 32 minutes past noon on the 22nd, and New at 5h. 44m. on the morning of the 29th. She will be in apogee or farthest from the Earth at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and in perigee or nearest us at 6 o'clock on that of the 26th. This is the Harvest Moon. Two eclipses will occur during the month: a small partial eclipse of the Moon early on the morning of the 15th, the greater part of which will be visible in this country (the Moon setting before it is quite over); and a total one of the Sun on the morning of the 29th, which will not be visible in any part of Europe or America, the central line being confined to the southern part of the Indian Ocean, and the east coast of Africa near Zanzibar, whilst a partial eclipse will be seen in southern Australia and in Madagascar. The planet Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 3rd, and will not be visible without a telescope in any part of the month. Venus is still a morning star, passing during the month through the constellation Leo from west to east; she will be very near its brightest star, Regulus, on the 11th, and in close conjunction with the Moon (then within a day of being New) on the 28th. Mars is nearly stationary in Aries; he rises at the beginning of the month about 9 o'clock in the evening, and at the end of it about 7; he is in conjunction with the gibbous waning Moon on the 18th. Jupiter is in the western part of Gemini, rising now about midnight, and earlier as the month advances; his conjunction with the Moon takes place on the 22nd, the day when she enters her Last Quarter. Saturn is still in the constellation Virgo, setting a little after 8 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month, and a little before 7 at the end of it; he will be near the crescent Moon on the 2nd, and again on the 30th.—W. T. LYNN.



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